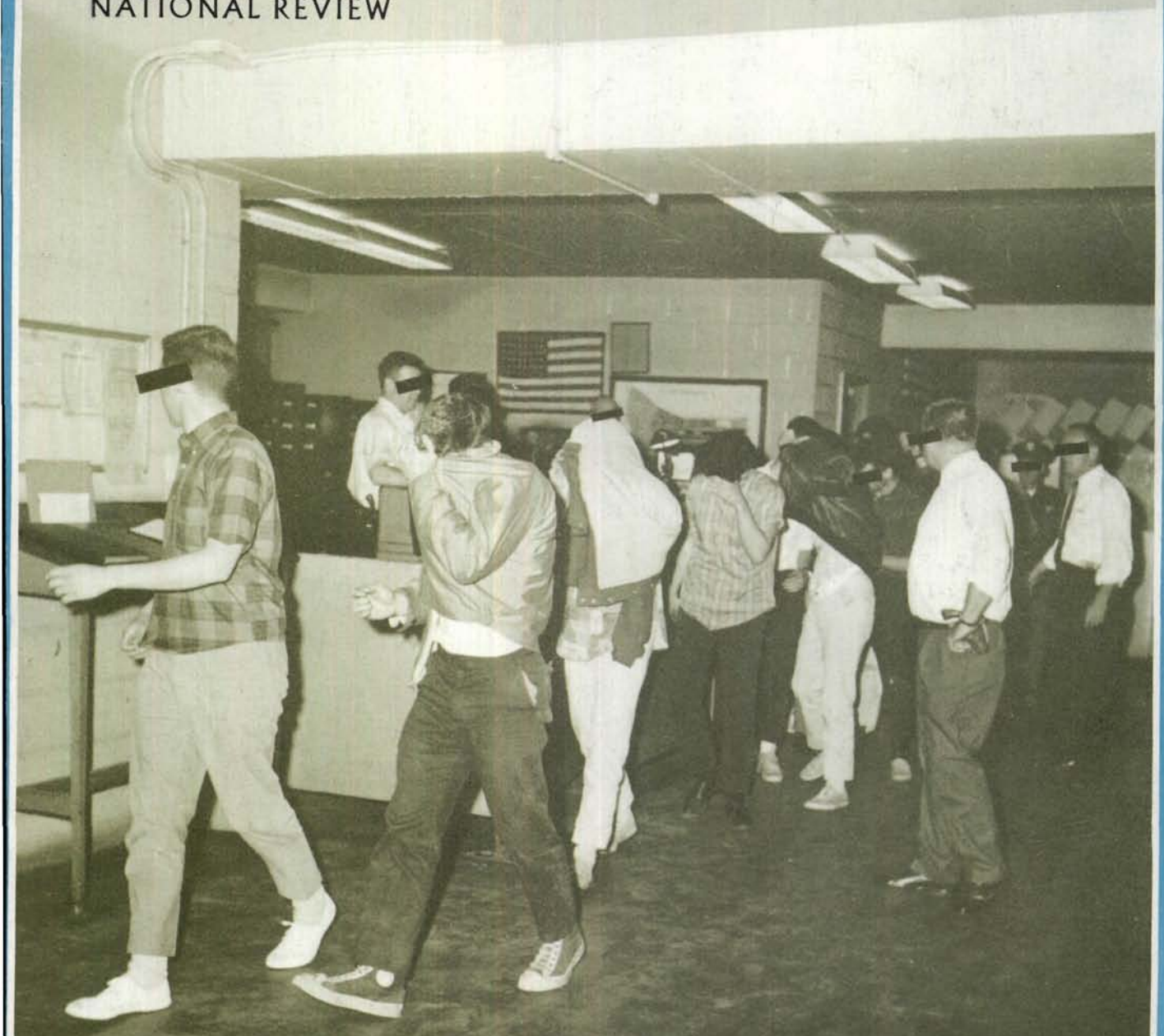
NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

The Time Has Come: Abolish the Pot Laws



American Conservatives Should Revise Their Position on Marijuana

RICHARD C. COWAN

with commentary by: Jeffrey Hart, J

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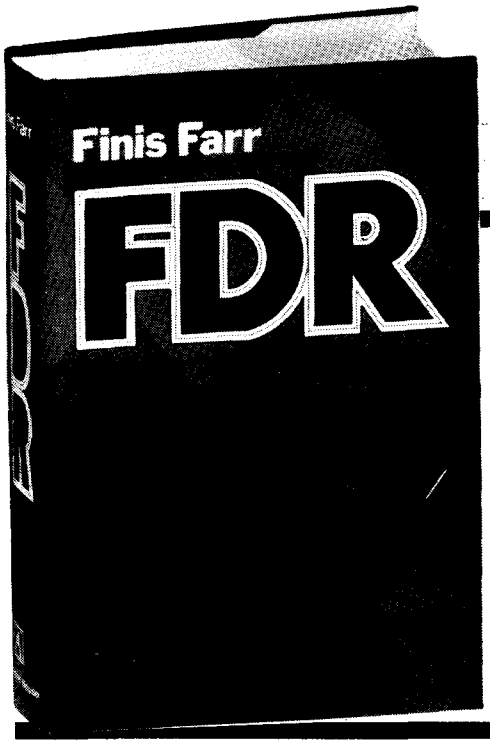

Vivid New Portrait

OF THE MAN WHO TURNED AMERICA LEFT

FINIS FARR, noted biographer of Margaret Mitchell, Frank Lloyd Wright and Jack Johnson, now etches the man who remade America. Though Farr is not immune to the Roosevelt charm, he judges his years in the White House a national disaster.

Farr is perceptive. In discussing young FDR's liaison with Lucy Mercer, he observes that "no love affair in which he may or may not have engaged could possibly have had the significance of his love affair with himself." Roosevelt partisans will want to forget such incidents as FDR's praise for Legionnaires who captured, castrated and shot a Wobbly leader (he termed it "a high form of red-blooded patriotism"); or his capricious tinkering with the nation's money during the period he was under the spell of Professor George Frederick Warren's eccentric economic theories. Stalin, at the Teheran conference, is presented as "a short, broad-shouldered man of the peasant type, dressed in a nondescript uniform" who "looked like some kind of porter, probably the sort who would quarrel over his tip."

Droll and seasoned with cynicism, Finis Farr brings FDR and his era to life again.

Finis Farr:
PUNGENT YET URBANE

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NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 48 DECEMBER 8, 1972

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

Richard Cowan, as noted elsewhere, has been associated with the conservative movement since he was a student at Yale in 1960, and recently concluded not only that existing marijuana legislation is something like the Salem witch laws, but that a delayed recognition of this will greatly harm the prestige of conservatives. **James Burnham** vigorously objects, if not quite to all the arguments of Mr. Cowan, at least to those that, in JB's opinion, fail to apprehend the cultural meaning of a loose position on pot. **Jeffrey Hart** tends to agree, though his inflections are different, concentrating on the unimportance of pot under the aspect of the heavens. **WFB** finds Cowan persuasive, though he stresses more than Mr. Cowan does the difference between legalization and decriminalization, a distinction which his colleagues tend to believe is without strategic significance. . . . Professor **William Petersen**, a sociologist, is a liberal of rigorous intellectual habit who is at work on a great study of civil liberties one chapter of which dwells with the surprising acquiescence in the relocation of the Japanese-Americans during World War II. He muses on the implications of it. . . . Do you like our new cover design?

—WFB

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FOR THE RECORD

■ What next for **George McGovern**? Gov. **Dale Bumpers** of Arkansas, head of the Democratic Governors Conference, doubts that McGovern will be able to maintain the role of "titular party leader." Sen. **Robert Dole**, Republican National Chairman, doesn't expect him to play a significant role in the Senate in the next two years. Come to think of it, says Dole, McGovern "never was a hard-working senator." . . . Democrats not all that happy when they heard that Gov. **George Wallace** had set up temporary headquarters in Washington the better to watch (and influence) the goings-on when the Democratic National Committee meets there December 9.

■ Final election rundown, House races that may have been missed: of NATIONAL REVIEW's Ten Most Unsatisfactory Candidates (*NR*, Nov. 10), all but two were elected. The losers: **John Kerry**, the American Vet against the War, in Mass. and **Richard Ottinger** in New York (although at this writing he has not yet acknowledged it). An 11th Unsatisfactory (nominated this week—see Letters") **Abner Mikva** (D., Ill.) lost to Republican **Samuel Young**. . . . Some of the good guys—all Republicans—reelected in the House: **John Ashbrook** (Ohio); **John Rhodes** (Ariz.); **Barry Goldwater Jr.** (Calif.); **Phil Crane** (Ill.); **William Scherle** (Iowa)—latterday discoverer of "lighght"; **Jack Kemp**, of whom conservative New Yorkers expect much; **Hamilton Fish** Jr., also New York; **Robert Huber** (Mich.), the founder of Michigan's Conservative Party, running this time as a Republican; **Louis Wyman** (N.H.) —he's been in the liberals' bad book ever since he helped jail fellow traveler Jr. **Willard Uphaus** back in the Fifties, when Wyman was Attorney General of New Hampshire. . . . Also on the plus side: win by Democrat **Philip Landrum** of Landrum-Griffin). Landrum, incidentally, says he may run against Rep. **Carl Albert** as Speaker in the 93rd Congress; victory of **David Treen** (La., where six Democratic incumbents were unopposed). Treen, a Republican, beat Democrat **Louis Watkins**. . . . And, for the record: **John Rousselot**, formerly an official of the **John Birch Society**, kept his California House seat; Democrat **John J. Rooney**, who won two primary races against **Allard Lowenstein** (of Dump-**Johnson** fame), also won on Nov. 7; **Charles Porter**, an old buddy of Fidel Castro in the late Fifties, tried a comeback in liberal Oregon and failed. The winner: incumbent Republican **John Dellenbeck**; Castro foe **Paul Bethel** running in a heavily Democratic district in Florida lost to **William Lehman**; and **Les Aspin** (D., Wis.), a protégé of **William Proxmire** and like Proxmire a cut-the-defense-budget man, beat Republican **Merrill Stalbaum**. . . . And one Senate report: in New Jersey, where anti-Communist activist **Charles Wiley** entered the race in the closing weeks of the campaign as an independent on the grounds that conservatives had no choice (it was **Clifford Case** against an equally liberal Democrat), he did splendidly. Minor candidacy votes are slow to come in but Wiley is believed to have gotten close to a hundred thousand votes.

Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

". . . and six packages mailed to the Israeli embassy marked Return to Sender . . ."

■ Other election thoughts: Of the new senators, **Sam Nunn** (Ga.)—he beat out Republican Rep. **Fletcher Thompson**—describes himself as a "common-sense" conservative. . . . North Carolina's new Senator **Jesse Helms** has already gone on the line as opposing any diplomatic relations with Cuba: a hijacking treaty sí, recognition no. . . . Totally undiscouraged: **Sargent Shriver** says he likes running for office: has his eye on Republican Sen. **Charles Mathias**' Maryland seat two years hence. . . . Congressman **Al Ullman** (D., Ore.,) will introduce legislation in upcoming session of Congress that would force the closing of all polls in future elections at the same hour all over the country.

■ First call by **Stokely Carmichael** back from self-imposed exile in Guinea was on the rioting Indians in Washington, D.C., to ask if they wanted his help. Stokely says he's here to set up a militant black organization, the All-African People's Revolutionary Party, which will fight for the destruction of "the twin evils of capitalism and racism." Carmichael expects to get the job done in a year. . . . **LeRoi Jones**' Congress of African People says it will make financial contributions to the rebel movement in Portuguese Guinea. Imamu Amiri Baraka, as Jones now calls himself, says the U.S. policy in the UN "seems as if it was put together with the idea that there are no Africans in the United States."

■ Look who's gone establishment. The *Los Angeles Free Press* (FREEP), one of the largest underground papers in the country, has signed with the **Los Angeles Newspaper Guild** and will negotiate with its "square" management increased wages, job security, control of editorial content and "the removal from power of a pro-Nixon general manager."

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A great new natural resource has been discovered in Tampa

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Treasure is where you find it, and in Tampa it's being found every day in the garbage. Steel cans—the "tin" cans that soft drinks and other products come in—can live again in other forms, and in Tampa they do.

Here's how it works. People in Tampa who buy their products in steel cans just throw the empty cans in their garbage pails. At the municipal incinerator, magnetic separators pull the cans out of the garbage—at the rate of more than 100 million cans a year.

Refuse At Incinerator

Now those cans will be sold to a local steel mill, which will melt them down and recycle them into steel reinforcing bars for construction.

The beautiful thing about this process is that it benefits everyone. Citizens do their ecological duty without strain. The city saves landfill space. It also makes money by selling the cans. And a precious natural resource is conserved and reused, again and again.

In Tampa, glass and aluminum are returned by hand to collection centers. Only steel has the unique quality that permits it to be separated magnetically from household garbage.

Some 350 cities now have collection centers where people turn in cans that they've separated from their own garbage. Last year their total effort brought in an estimated 800 million cans.

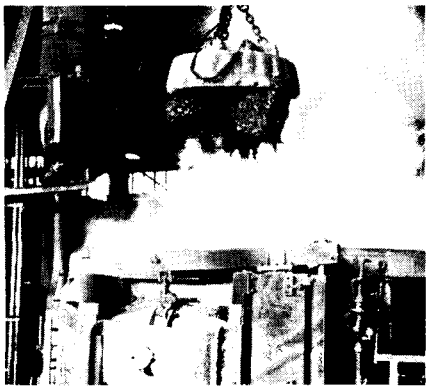
In just 17 cities like Tampa, where magnetic separators are being used, the recovery rate is about two-and-a-half billion steel cans a year.

The system makes so much sense that it's no surprise the way it's spreading. By the end of 1973, 11 more cities will have joined the ranks of those with magnetic separators.

Magnetic Separator in Action

It doesn't matter how a municipal system disposes of its garbage. Whatever the system, steel cans can still be separated by magnets.

Most people seem to prefer one-way cans, and if they want to keep getting them, recycling has to be workable. We know it is.



Steel Cans Recycled Into New Steel

If you'd like to help your city get on the bandwagon, write for a copy of **Progress Report on Recycling.** It has all the facts on steel can recovery, tells how your city can learn more about magnetic separation. Give it to your city officials. Help them enter the magnetic age.

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LETTERS

Reynolds and Taxes

Alan Reynolds' suggestion ["About Those Loopholes," Nov. 10] that we tax inheritances and gifts as regular income, averaged (which implies a graduated rate) in a way he doesn't specify, would seem to be a good way to penalize and discourage success in the private sector. Basically the idea is bad because the graduated rate would be based on two essentially unrelated figures: the father's capital and the son's income. It would make more sense to compute the tax on the sum of the son's own capital and his inheritance, assuming we want an *inheritance* tax, as is in use in a number of states now, rather than an *estate* tax, which is what the federal tax is. Better still, of course, would be an ungraduated tax.

Also, making the original cost of inherited capital the basis for computing the capital-gains tax but levying the tax only on the eventual transfer would reduce the mobility of capital—owners would be reluctant to realize the gain (made, sometimes, over a generation) and incur the substantial tax—as Mr. Reynolds recognizes at the beginning of his article. If we're trying to encourage mobility, a new basis should be given at death and, to be consistent with the rest of the capital-gains tax law, the gain should be taxed at that time.

Mount Kisco, N.Y. A. W. FARMER

An inheritance is an increase in the heir's power to consume—the tax-economist's definition of income. As such, it should be combined with other forms of income in order to simplify the tax system. Some averaging is required at lower incomes with my flat-rate tax, because of the vanishing exemption. Any tax penalizes success—it isn't obvious that a wealth tax would be superior in this regard to an income tax of comparable yield.

Certainly, capital is more mobile when gains aren't taxed at all at death (the current situation) than when they are. That simply isn't a realistic choice. To levy a tax at the time of death rather than at the time of sale involves taxation of unrealized (paper) gains, which is more harsh than the treatment accorded to other capital gains, and which would tend to force untimely liquidation and the socialization of important pools of private capital. —AR

Re Alan Reynolds' article on loopholes: always, always the point should be emphasized that the cry for a graduated tax makes an end-run around useful political debate by confusing the raising of revenue with the redistributing of wealth. The word "tax" means—check any dictionary—that which is levied for the purpose of defraying expenses, i.e., revenue, not redistribution. Most people, conservatives included, recognize the need for government to have funds and therefore approve of taxes, that is, the revenue-raising aspect. But the approval of this (graduated) tax or that proposal for reform of a (graduated) tax is assumed to carry with it approval of the redistributionist aspect as well, approval which is unintended, the redistributionist aspect not having been

discussed. All discussions of taxes, all proposals for tax reform, should always be broken down into their two parts so that the effects of each can be clearly seen and the informed opinion of the taxpayers solicited. It is for the purpose of avoiding the expression by informed taxpayers of their opinions that the redistributionists keep the rhetoric confused. If we could change the rhetoric perhaps we could also change, in time, the effect of the tax.

Greenwich, Conn. DANIEL OLIVER

A Bas, Pompidou!

"Remarkably civilized," *mon œil*! Your writer (and President Georges Pompidou) missed the point ["The Week," Nov. 24]. "The principle to follow is that one must accept novelty and simply endeavor that it should be beautiful and not a copy of the old." No one argues that Parisian skyscrapers be built to look old, it is simply that they ought to be built not to interfere with Paris' landmarks, in this instance, the most beautiful vista ever wrought by man. Just imagine, sweeping your eyes from the Place de la Concorde, up the magnificent Champs-Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, to . . . the Pan Am Building? Phooey.

Why not send Edward Durell Stone to liven up St. Mark's Square? Lincoln Memorial, here we come. Who cares if the view from the Mall is obstructed? Just make sure the blankety-blank highrise is "beautiful and not a copy of the old." Fâchée-edly,

St. Louis, Mo. ANABELLE SIMPKINS

Vous autres Américains peuvent bien louer les sentiments du Président M. Pompidou—vos yeux ne sont pas offensés chaque jour par nos nouveaux gratte-ciel. De plus, ce n'est pas seulement que nous sommes accoutumés à la vue de l'arc de triomphe. C'est que l'arc est beau, et parfaitement placé pour compléter le tableau des Champs-Elysées. Il est difficile de créer la beauté—mais quand elle existe, pourquoi la détruire?

Paris JACQUES DALEMBERT

Sacred Bleu! And to think that my ancestor Baron Haussmann was cited in your defense of M. Pompidou's approval of the new, unsightly buildings now going up in Paris. Could I remind you that my ancestor was a *destroyer* of unsightliness, not a *builder* of it?

GEORGES (le Boulevard) HAUSSMANN IV

Grenoble

Agnew's Staff

It seems to me that Neal Freeman's essay ["The Story on Agnew's Staff," Oct. 27] is particularly expressive of this eerie period of hard times for conservatives. Though elegantly written, it seems to me that the essay really said very little that was substantively serious—and I take it that the behavior of a Vice President's staff is a serious matter, for staffs influence politics and policy.

Further, there was a querulous note in the essay, a note heard once before in the review about which he speaks, that is neither instructive nor useful, polemically or politically. All of this is doubly perplexing in light of current American conservatism's continued political drift and its reluctance to accept the most interesting and promising politician now practicing in our political Sahara. Why Mr. Agnew has not received more serious and amiable treatment from the conservative press, I do not know. But what I do know is that he deserves it and that it is one of the imperatives of politics that a movement if it is to remain vital, identify itself in the candidacy of an active contender. At the present time Mr. Agnew is deserving of that support, and it seems to me that that support would benefit both Mr. Agnew and the aimless conservatives. After all Mr. Agnew is a bright fellow and much of what he says is sound.

In any case, whatever conservatives think about Mr. Agnew, it seems to me

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that it would be best for them in every way to speak their minds seriously and not petulantly. The plain people of the heartland, people like myself, just do not get much out of such fits as Mr. Freeman's.

R. EMMETT TYRELL JR.
Editor, the *Alternative*
Bloomington, Ind.

A Proposal

Hugh Kenner's comments ["Notes & Asides," Nov. 24] are absolutely correct grammatically, but do not deal with the problem of what one is to do when one wants to say, not "I hope that," but "I, we, all men of good will hope that." There is a crying need for an adverb that says all of that, and I here propose one. How about "hopeably"? There is, after all, the analogy of "regrettably"; and the OED lists "hopeable, . . . That may be hoped for." It is perhaps a bit difficult to pronounce, but not, I think, hopelessly so.
Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Burnham and Vietnam

James Burnham's pessimism on the subject of our involvement in Vietnam is exaggerated ["The Protracted Conflict," Sept. 29]. Why for instance does he rule out the possibility that the South Vietnamese will be supplied by us with the necessary advanced aircraft and other weapons before we cease our active support?

Mr. Burnham asks why an undefeated enemy should give up his goal. Well, plenty of undefeated armies have raised a siege when it appeared hopeless!

And why should the only thing left for us to do militarily be the obliteration of Hanoi and Haiphong? Why do we not destroy as many dikes as may prove necessary to force the Hanoi regime to its knees?

The world has reached the point where drawing a sharp dividing line between civilians and the military in war is no longer justified. We already grant the Communists a physical sanctuary: If we allow them a moral one too, we might as well give up any resistance to aggressors not only in Vietnam, but everywhere.
Pollensa, Mallorca F. C. NANO

Nixon and Social Security

You wrote, in mentioning the recent increase in Social Security payments, that Mr. Nixon now "claims credit for it in a letter tucked in with many or perhaps all of the Social Security checks mailed this month" ["The Week," Oct. 27].

In fact, it is simply stated, on a printed card enclosed with each check, that "your Social Security payment has been increased by 20 per cent with this month's check, by a new statute enacted by the Congress and signed into law by President Nixon on July 1, 1972."

This is a statement that appears on cards enclosed with *all* first checks bearing an increase due to congressional action. And the same statement was used by the Johnson Administration, except that Congress is not mentioned on the one card (dated April 1968) that I still have in my possession.
Olmstedville, N.Y. MRS. R. M. HUTCHINSON

Unsatisfactory Mikva

I must protest your list of "The Ten Most Unsatisfactory Candidates for the House of Representatives" ["The Week," Nov. 10]. A recount, please! How could you have forgotten Rep. Abner Mikva?

Rep. Mikva, formerly of Chicago's South Side and, as of redistricting, now of the North Shore, was, by his own admission, the first public figure to endorse the ex-candidacy of Sen. McGovern. This, in itself, should earn him at least a dishonorable mention. However, to secure him his rightful position among the top ten, let me point out that he attempted a 180-degree shift in constituency but none in his politics and hoped to represent parts of the district served before redistricting by one of the Ten Most Satisfactory Candidates for the House of Representatives, Phil Crane. Finally, ACA, ADA, labor, and any other ratings should substantiate my nomination.

I sincerely hope you will see to it that a candidate so unfortunately overlooked (although I can easily understand your desire to ignore him) will appear in your revised, post-election edition.
Glenview, Ill. THOMAS N. BECKMANN

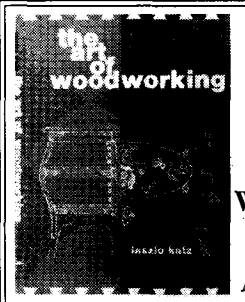
China's Boeings

In "Boeings for the Ramps of China" ["The Week," Sept. 29] you state that "spare parts and replacements will have to be supplied from America."

In 1945 a B-29 made a forced landing in the Soviet Union. The Soviets interned both the plane and the crew, using as an excuse their supposed neutrality in the American-Japanese war. The crewmen were allowed to escape, but the Soviets, being Soviets, kept the plane, since it was at that time the most advanced heavy bomber in the world. They tore it down piece by piece and learned its insides by heart. They then put into production an identical plane called the Tu-4. This caused some lame jokes to make the rounds in American aviation circles right after the war ("Look at the new Russian heavy bomber, the Boeinski Superfortski"). But it gave the Russians a heavy bomber superior to anything they had had up to that time. Later they improved the Tu-4, bringing it up to the same performance level as our own improved Superfortress, the B-50.

With this in mind, just how long do you think that the Chinese, with ten aircraft to play about with, will be dependent on American sources for spare parts and replacements?
Garden Grove, Calif. RUSSELL W. MARTIN

Quite a while. —JB



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THE WEEK

■ Receiving stolen money or goods is a crime, at least when it is a private transaction. The government, however, cuts itself in for a big piece of the action by treating stolen money, in most cases, as taxable income. One exception is if, say, an embezzler agrees during the same calendar year to make full restitution, in which case the embezzlement is treated, for tax purposes, as a loan. Consider now the case of one Bob Riddell who, on a late December day, relieved his employer, a Tulsa, Oklahoma armored-car service, of $133,753, flew to Las Vegas, and tied on a corker. Three weeks later he sobered up some, flew back, returned $121,000 and promised to repay the other $13,000 or so. He got a five-year sentence (suspended), and a bill from the Internal Revenue Service for $73,265 in taxes. The Tax Court sustained the IRS claim, because the law specifies that for Riddell's temporary booty to qualify as a "loan," the restitution agreement must be signed in the same year, whereas Riddell boozed a couple of weeks into the new year before he returned the money, see, so legally the loot was "income." Riddell was not clever enough to keep the money in order to pay the taxes on it, so he might well be in hock to the IRS for the rest of his life, paying taxes and interest on a wholly fictitious income. In a word, the government *owns* Bob Riddell. One must conclude from this whole sorry proceeding that the operative policy of the IRS is to grab all it can on any pretext, and never mind the niceties.

■ 1984: T Minus Twelve and Counting Department. According to assorted informed sources, a) the number of state and local government employees increased four times as fast as the population over the past decade; b) nearly fourteen million Americans are government employees, and, on the average, they earn $500 more a year than the taxpayer; c) there are now more taxtakers (73 million) than taxpayers (68 million, as of 1968); and d) federal spending has reached the rate of one man's lifetime earnings burned up every 37 seconds.

■ American citizens should be allowed to buy, sell and hold gold is the unanimous verdict of a subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee. Gold trading should also be loosened up in international banking, the panel agrees, with Special Drawing Rights gradually replacing gold as a monetary reserve asset. Thus, domestic and foreign citizens could accept paper dollars for goods and trade dollars for gold when the purchasing power of dollars looked uncertain. On pragmatic and theoretical grounds, such denationalization of gold is long overdue.

■ The Consumer Price Index rose at an annual rate of 4.6 per cent in the third quarter (compared with 3.8 per cent in the pre-freeze period of 1971), but the October wholesale index showed only a negligible rise. The total picture doesn't point to a critical inflation, at least not by European standards, but neither is it strong testimony to the effectiveness of wage-price controls. Still, a *Nation's Business* survey shows that 212 of 450 top executives favor indefinite continuation of controls, and the Business Council has taken essentially the same position. Why are controls so popular (C. Jackson Grayson says "too popular") with businessmen? The answer has to be that a) businessmen feel that such government intervention can be manipulated to their advantage, or b) they find life easier when relieved of the responsibility of dealing with unions.

■ A reader's guide to drugs on campus: Hard drugs are out. Heroin, the hardest of all, has practically disappeared; pushers of the stuff are so despised that they are often turned in by students. Cocaine, another hard drug, is also exiting. Among the hallucinogens, LSD, the superstar of the Sixties, has been put to pasture; the same is true for mescaline. Reason given in both instances is bad experiences in high school. However, soft drugs like marijuana and hashish are bucking the downward trend marvelously, with students on many campuses smoking openly in lounges and dormitories. There's a new entry: Quaalude, the brand name of a white pill that acts as a depressant. Vassar used twenty thousand of them in three weeks, and they tell of one Brooklyn college that uses five thousand a day. The oldest boy on the block, alcohol, is making a comeback. The stuff has become so popular at Yale that some people are beginning to worry. Isn't that *nice*?

■ This year's resolution of the U.S. Catholic bishops' conference voices the prayerful hope that the current negotiations will produce "a just and lasting peace with stability and freedom for all the nations and people of Southeast Asia," and includes "a plea to both sides for an end to bombing and terrorism" with their attendant

Exile for Dr. Hesburgh

Farewell, Father Hesburgh:
  It's been very nice.
Let's admit it's best to quit
  Before he asks you twice.
You're sincerely wedded
  To the ghastly bus.
Now you're free to ride it (whee!)
  Without annoying us.

W. H. VON DREELE

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cost in human life. The rhetoric of the resolution is wistfully doveish; its substance, with its cautious qualifications (not merely peace, but a "just" peace, resulting in "freedom" for "all" Southeast Asians; the logic of which would impel an invasion of North Vietnam), is so equivocal as to nullify the clear rhetorical drift, if read closely. But the resolution is not meant to be read closely: The bishops are confused, and have propagated confusion in order to appease the doves in their ranks.

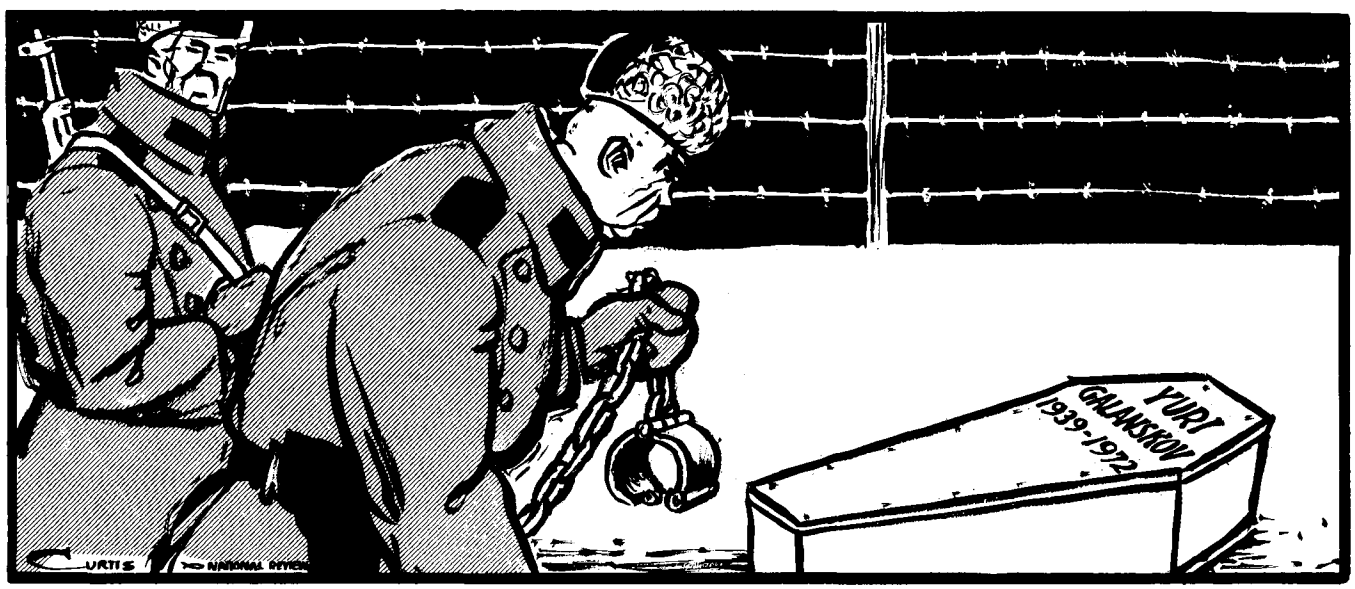
■ Any black man who publicly supports President Nixon risks being busted to the rank of Negro, which, in current racial nuance, is a mere stripe above Uncle Tom: Such is one of the lessons of 1972. Leaders of Congress' Black Caucus denounced entertainers Jim Brown, James Brown, Johnny Mathis, Sammy Davis Jr., Lionel Hampton and Billy Eckstine as "fools" who were "duped by [agents of] one of their greatest oppressors," i.e., Nixon; the entertainers' efforts to re-elect the Prez were "sickening and disgraceful." A reply came from black White House aide Stanley S. Scott: "I daresay that the men and women you have slandered have paid their dues twice over, and one of the reasons they have come over to Richard Nixon is this type of posturing, hot air which has plagued the black man's emergence as a political force for the last forty years."

■ The other day over at the UN, George Bush, the eloquent U.S. representative, blew his top at Vasiliy Safronchuk, the Soviet delegate, for saying that it would be unfair for the U.S. to reduce its dues from the 31.5 per cent of the total dues it pays now to a maximum of 25 per cent. The voluntary contribution of the U.S. is 45 per cent of the total; that of the Soviet Union is 1.47 per cent. Old Vasiliy behaved just the way you should when you're caught red-handed in the cookie jar with jam on your face: He kept his shoes on and was sweet reasonableness, which may carry the day this year. But the people of the U.S. are probably unaware of the proportion of UN expenses paid by the U.S. and probably would not approve it if they knew. Mr. Bush's display may have more effect on his countrymen than on Vasiliy, and therefore on U.S. contributions in future years, and we hope, just a little bit, that that's the way he planned it.

■ Apart from the Communist guerrillas, the Moslem fanatics who went berserk last summer, the publishers who have been closed down, and a couple of thousand people he has thrown in jail, reports indicate that most Filipinos are rather pleased with the martial law regime that President Ferdinand Marcos decreed September 23. The rapidly escalating weight of insurgency, corruption, unemployment and inflation had pushed the Republic to the end of the line. Although it had reached that state under Marcos' administration, most Filipinos, by a not uncommon paradox, accept the new martial law Marcos as the man to clean up the mess. American businessmen, too, are happy at the signs that Marcos intends to dampen the demagogic anti-American tendency that the Philippine Congress had been indulging during the last couple of years.

■ "Drink Pepsi, or else!" . . . "You have a comrade at Chase Manhattan!" But Pepsi and Chase are only the beginning of our commercial penetration of the Soviet Union. Just wait. "Wheaties, the breakfast of Stakhanovites!" . . . "I'm Olga—fly me!" . . . "Avon calling —open or we break it down!" . . . "You're in the Marlboro Autonomous Region!" Then later, "public-service" advertising: "Doublethink!" . . . "Help prevent taiga fires!" . . . "See Siberia first!" Much later, consumerism: "No more peace toys!" . . . "The Minister of Internal Affairs has determined that many things are hazardous to your health!" And eventually: "Buy Russian!"

■ India, the country of the Mahatma, love and peace, hates war, excluding of course just war, i.e., a war be-



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tween India and anybody else, just look it up in your St. Thomas. So much does she hate it that she regularly condemns countries that sell arms to other countries, particularly the warmongering U.S. Just now the gentle people of India are playing host to the Asian International Trade Fair, at which spectators may see the products of 47 countries. Visitors who stroll into the Indian Defense Pavilion see not love beads and incense, but bayonets, pistols, anti-aircraft guns, howitzers and rockets. For sale? Yes indeed, Sahib, for sale.

■ Pity the poor jurors in the Ellsberg case. They were sworn in last summer; almost immediately the trial was delayed and ever since they've had to clap their hands over their eyes or ears at the sight or sound of such common words as "Pentagon," "Papers," "Vietnam," "Daniel," "Ellsberg" and "Steal." The Supreme Court having now denied the defendants' plea that they have access to the contents of a government wiretap of one of their lawyers, the trial can proceed—in another month or so. When it does reopen, the defense is expected to move that the jury be replaced on the grounds that since its empanelment, millions of newly enfranchised eighteen to 21 year olds have been added to the jury rolls, and therefore the present jury no longer represents a "cross-section of the community." Ecce, Anglo-Saxon Justice.

■ Our Quick Thinking Award goes to Robert Lewinthal of Chicago, who always thought he was born at 11:56 P.M. on July 20, 1951. Until, that is, the draft lottery assigned Number 120 to that birthday, making it rather likely that Lewinthal would spend several years in the Army. Ping! A small light-bulb went on in Lewinthal's head. He called his lawyer, who filed suit to correct hospital and other records—on grounds that his birth-hour was recorded under Central Standard Time even though Chicago was then operating under Daylight Savings Time, according to which Lewinthal was born at 12:56 A.M. July 21, Number 356 in the lottery. They *need* smart boys like him in the Army.

■ The ACLU calls on the Supreme Court to decide whether the Pentagon is guilty of sex discrimination in its policy of discharging, automatically, pregnant servicewomen. The ACLU, reports the *Washington Post*, wishes to know "why women are singled out for anti-pregnancy regulation." We can't think of it at the moment, but we're sure there is a *perfectly* reasonable explanation.

■ The *Wall Street Journal* reports that the twist has been designated a dance for cabaret tax purposes by a U.S. district court, informed opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

■ We are sorry to report that there is a fairly severe shortage of frogs on the market just now because bad hibernating conditions last winter took a heavy toll of the frog population. The learned forecast is for another bad winter and a further shortage of frogs next year. Please do not mention any of this to the Federal Government; it might get ideas.

■ From our Uncensored Archives: In his book *North toward Home*, Willie Morris writes: "One night [lawyer Norman] Dorsen and I sat in a bar on Sixth Avenue with Congressman John Lindsay. Dorsen spoke to Lindsay for half an hour, about why and how he should run for mayor. He spoke brilliantly of the prevailing political conditions, of the chaos of life in the city, of the strategy necessary to a successful election. Lindsay listened solemnly, and when Dorsen had finished stating his case the Congressman said, 'I agree with everything you've said. But what would I do if I got elected?' " Well, speak up, Dorsen. You got us into this.

Eastward, Ho!

Although Willy Brandt won considerably less than a Nixonian sweep in West Germany's November 19 election, the meaning of the result was unambiguous. For the first time since the war, the Social Democratic Party becomes, with its 45.9 per cent of the vote against the Christian Democrats' 44.8 per cent, the dominant party. Adding the 8.4 per cent taken by its Free Democrat partner, the Brandt coalition, which was perched for the past few years on a perilous six-vote margin that eroded to zero last summer, has a solid 54 per cent (nearly fifty-seat) majority in the Bundestag. By American standards it was a low-key election campaign, in which personalities do not seem to have been a major factor. It was Willy Brandt's policy that got a vote of confidence from the German electorate: the Ostpolitik in the first place—the policy of an opening and softening toward East Germany; and a vaguely leftist domestic policy administered by a party that, although officially emancipated from doctrinaire Marxism, harbors, and is known to the electorate to harbor, a sizable wing indulgent to (and infiltrated by) the Communist and nihilist Left.

A political direction is thus determined at least for two or three years, perhaps for the full five years that can elapse before a new general election is required by the constitution. Several major consequences are predictable. West Germany and East Germany will ratify the draft agreement completed a month ago. West Germany will recognize the East German government formally, and will liquidate all remnants of the Hallstein Doctrine by which Bonn has sought to prevent other nations from recognizing East Germany. Most other nations that have not already done so will now recognize East Germany; West Germany and the East European governments will exchange recognition. Both East and West Germany will be admitted to the United Nations. Bonn will become more enthusiastic in support of the East-West Conference on European Security and Cooperation, and will resist less firmly the reduction of U.S. troops in Europe that will begin in the next year or two. Although officially shelved, and frowned on by

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Publisher's Weekly:

"A collection that shows Buckley at his best form, a writer of skill, intelligence, style and verve—and, happily, a sense of humor."

Philadelphia Inquirer:

"*Inveighing We Will Go* entertains, enrages, and edifies at once. Buckley's mission, from the start, has been to poke things up a bit; to shake the grate and watch the sparks go flying. He has tried to preserve his sense of humor and he has succeeded. For more than twenty years, Wm. Buckley has been chortling, poking, orating, scribbling, scrapping, and sailing his way into history. He has been very, very wrong, and very, very right; but always a fresh, free man."

The Nation:

"Buckley is not devoid of a sense of humor about himself—not a common quality in public figures—or afraid to let friends and enemies know he has been had. In *Inveighing We Will Go* there is rather better form and style than used to be the case. Those who have spent twenty years saying that Buckley is a stranger to human compassion might well read him on [Edgar] Smith. Buckley, as a ruthless exposer of the shoddinesses that pervade the consumer culture, has the eye and the zest, if not the art, of a Swift. He is one of the very few concerned to maintain that civility that he intuitively recognizes as an essential element in the survival of any society of more than one person."

San Diego Union:

"There are pleasures in this book for the most dedicated liberal. Even if one's favorite ideas are being blown out of the water, there is a perverse satisfaction in seeing it done by torpedoes as brilliantly contrived, accurately aimed and forcefully launched as those that come out of Buckley's typewriter. Buckley champions his cause with wit and erudition."

Denver Post:

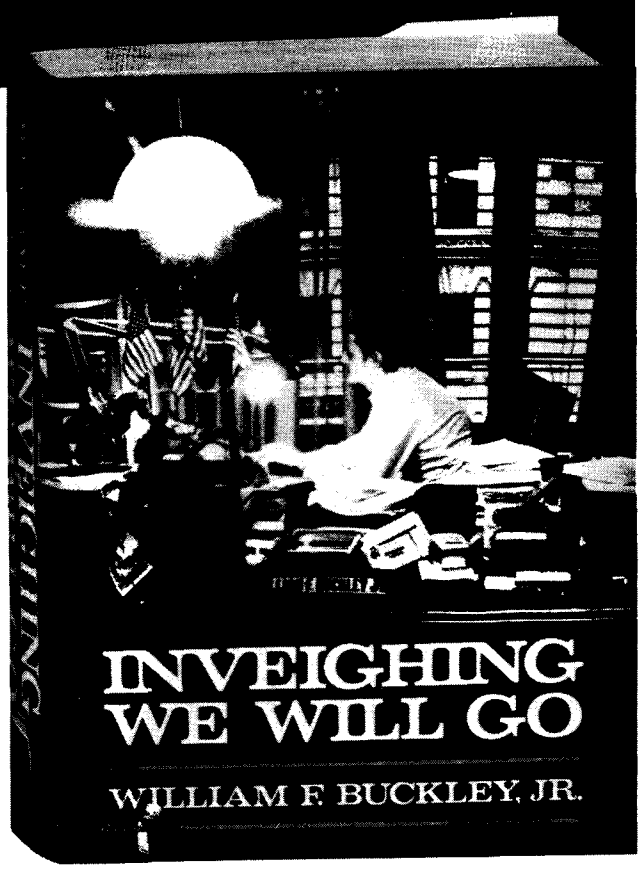
"[*Inveighing We Will Go*] offers a well-focused picture of the man, his views, his tastes and his near-heroic abilities with the English language. This particular collection is enhanced by the fact that the author traveled extensively during the period of its production. The book clearly indicates that, through the events of the past three years, Buckley was Buckley after all—still America's most lively and compelling articulator of a highly refined conservative philosophy."

Boston Sunday Herald:

"Buckley cuts a wide swath with his comments, slicing through liberalism, communism and Catholicism, not to mention conservatism. And ever the humor bubbles forth in his incomparable style."

Ft. Worth Press:

"William F. Buckley is, of course, the sanguine polemicist-editor who has for years alternately puzzled and enraged woolly liberals by: A) Displaying an uncomfortable degree of intelligence, and B) Not being a woolly liberal. And he shows again in this collection few commentators —certainly no other on the Right—are his equal in describing, with glee, one might add, the grand fact of the Emperor's New Clothes—the politically obvious, yet taboo. To sum up: An in season book by a witty and acerbic analyst."



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SPECIAL REPORT

Hard-Liner Talk

Well, there are Russians, and they control a big hunk of the world, and every once in a while a few people sit down and talk about the matter, non-hysterically. Which is what happened November 17 and 18, at the Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge.

Some hundred people convened under the auspices of the American Bar Association's Committee on Education about Communism and the International Documentation and Information Center of The Hague (INTERDOC).

Senator Gale McGee (D., Wyo.) showed an obvious concern about Yugoslavia as a future crisis, i.e., when Tito dies. Yugoslavia is "the open sore Russia can least ignore." What do we do if the Russians are "invited" into Yugoslavia? "Obviously," said the Senator, "we don't know. The tragedy is, some of us don't care."

In the Senate, the honorable gentleman from Wyoming is concerned with "holding off the Mansfields." How? Well, there will undoubtedly be another Mansfield amendment, and one way to fight it would be for the President to launch his campaign against it now.

Former Secretary of State Rusk picked up much of the same idea. Negotiating with North Vietnam? "It is very difficult to talk to North Vietnam, when you find the North Vietnamese quoting your own senators back at you."

But the former Secretary had other points to make. Taking care of the cold-war revisionists with a dozen well-placed words, Mr. Rusk pointed out that we did in a sense help precipitate it: we reduced our military budget and forces in 1945-46 to the point that we confronted Stalin "with irresistible temptations." Echoing Senator McGee, Mr. Rusk said that if the recent presidential election showed one thing clearly, it showed a mandate for a strong defense. Eastern Europe can be provoked by weakness, not by strength. Projecting into the next decade, the former Secretary speculated that there will certainly be at least two superpowers ten years from now: Russia and China. If the United States is still in the lineup, it will be because there is a fourth superpower, a United Europe.

The Under Secretary of State, U. Alexis Johnson, hit hard at the tendency of the West to ignore ideological problems, when in fact "the ideological problems are precisely those we cannot ignore." In his talk, and the discussion following, the ideological issue kept cropping up, particularly as to why we did not demand agreements on internal security: I.e., why isn't Soviet worldwide subversion a negotiable item?

And, weaving in and out for two days, SALT II, troop withdrawals, Mainland China, the "Finlandization" of Western Europe. Lying there, like a spilled chocolate mousse on a new rug, was a statement of the first day: "The West has no policy." But it will take more than one conference to solve that problem. SHELDON M. SMITH

Moscow, the mystique of one German *Volk* and nation will strengthen in one or another form.

Does the November 19 result augur an even more profound and lasting turn? A single election is insufficient evidence: In our day the voters of the mass democracies can shift overnight with the winds of the zeitgeist. But it is at least possible that Germany is now swinging in one of those periodic cyclical shifts that have characterized German history from its beginning, this time from West to East. If this proves so, the initial impulse to the pendulum's reversal will be dated from that day in August 1961 when the then President of the United States, confronted with the news that during the preceding night East Germans had begun construction of the Berlin Wall, did nothing.

Keep Your Eye on His Left

The Vietnam truce negotiations are in the last round, or so it must seem on this day before Thanksgiving. Henry (de Retz) Kissinger is back in a Paris suburb, talking to Le Duc Tho—and, this time, having a daily chat also with Thieu's good friend and colleague Tran Van Dom. The Navy's mine-sweeping squadron of Sikorsky CH-53D helicopters journeyed across country from Norfolk to San Diego, where they boarded ships heading for Southeast Asia. The Pentagon announced completion of its "urgent program to arm South Vietnam with ten thousand tons of new equipment before the withdrawal of American forces." Plans for reception of the POWs are ready. Canada, Indonesia, Poland and Hungary have agreed to supply a joint force to supervise the ceasefire. The ground fighting has receded. All this does not mean that every difficulty will be cleared up today or tomorrow. But, though it will not be the end of the struggle for control of South Vietnam and Indochina, the end of the phase in which U.S. armed force has been a major participant should not be much further off than year's end.

Seen from a month later, North Vietnam's October 26 publication of a version of the nine principal clauses of the draft accord, in violation of the secrecy of the Kissinger-Tho negotiations, looks like a blunder on their part. The draft was a draft, not a final text—as is proved simply enough by the fact that neither the negotiators nor their superiors had even initialed, much less signed it. The North Vietnamese evidently judged that preelection pressures would push President Nixon into accepting it as it stood. But their putsch didn't work. Kissinger went over the draft with Thieu while the White House and State Department were studying it. Ambiguities emerged, and were submitted to public discussion. The President declined to be panicked. The succeeding weeks have permitted a thorough review of the terms and the completion of such practical arrangements as were mentioned above, which will increase the chances for an orderly and successful institution of the ceasefire, U.S. troop withdrawal and prisoner release.

This final round is the most delicate of all, and the

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Memo to: all NR Readers

Re: This Christmas and how to solve your gift-giving problems quickly and inexpensively!

It really is getting close to Christmas now. (Of course every other publication we can think of began Christmas promotions long ago -- in fact, I'd swear that this year some of them started right after the 4th of July! No doubt they do it because they get more subscriptions that way. Heaven knows we need all the subscriptions we can get, but I simply can't bring myself to talk about Christmas when the temperature outside is 80°.)

So now is the right time to make your decisions about Christmas gifts. We think we have the perfect solution in National Review -- and, if you act now, you can still "shop early" and avoid the last-minute rush.

It really is a convenience to give NR to your friends (and you'll save money too!) There are so many reasons why National Review makes the ideal gift: it's a fast, uncomplicated, and sure way of pleasing all those "difficult" friends on your list; sending NR is an impressive way of expressing your Christmas greetings to business associates, etc. and it lasts the entire year. National Review is the good choice for you this year -- you'll appreciate the ease and convenience of giving NR, and NR itself is better than ever!

So why not make some people happy this Christmas (including us)? The price is right: just $10 for each gift.* It's as easy as taking a moment now to fill out the handy postpaid card opposite this page. We'll bill you later if you prefer, but the important thing is to act now in time for Christmas. The card provides space for three gifts; if you want to send more, just add the names on your own stationery. We will acknowledge all gifts (in plenty of time for Christmas if you act now) via a handsome gift card in your name. These low rates are in effect until Christmas only, so please mail the card opposite this page today. Many thanks and Merry Christmas!

*P.S. Rates apply to regular NR readers only. All others, $12 for the initial subscription (your own, or first gift), $10 for each additional gift subscription. Please add $1 for Canadian, $2 for all other foreign postage. Thank you.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Those who like their politics intricate and mean should savor the biting and gouging among Republican senators between now and early January when Congress re-assembles. Then the 43 GOP senators will gather in the ornate Conference Room on the third floor of the Senate Office Building to shed what blood has not been spilled in the preliminary maneuverings for the four top leadership positions. The internecine competition began early Wednesday morning, November 8, and by the end of November Whip Robert Griffin of Michigan seemed sure of his position. No senator seems to have the kidney for a fight against Griffin. Perhaps that is because so much energy is being devoted to the fight for three other positions.

Minority Leader: Howard Baker of Tennessee, fresh from a solid re-election victory, is making another attempt to unseat Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. Baker lost to Scott in September 1969 after the death of Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. He ran against Scott again in January 1971 and lost. Senator Paul Fannin of Arizona is organizing Baker's support. Fannin is generally believed to be doing the bidding of Barry Goldwater, and this is sharpening the ideological nature of the fight. Whether this sharpening will help Baker is doubtful. A significant group of senators—Marlow Cook of Kentucky and Hiram Fong of Hawaii among them—who might vote for a conservative, are uncomfortable with any vote that might identify them as conservatives. Scott used the election campaign in many ways to promote his own re-election as Minority Leader. In late October many Senate candidates received significant contributions ($1,000 and up) from millionaire Norton Simon, a leader of the liberal wing of the California GOP. An accompanying note explained that Simon's good friend Hugh Scott had encouraged him to make the contribution. But Baker has reason for the confidence he is exuding. Some Scott supporters in 1971 are gone and Baker, who lost by only four votes then, appears to have an advantage with the "class of 1972." Jesse Helms of North Carolina, William Scott of Virginia and James McClure of Idaho are probably Baker votes. Dewey Bartlett of Oklahoma is less conservative than these others, but he may support Baker to satisfy the conservative wing of the Oklahoma party which did so much to elect him. So if Baker holds the support he had two years ago—and that is a big if—he could win. One thing is certain. Griffin would like to move up to the Minority Leadership if Scott retires in 1976. He will devote his formidable energies to trying to keep Baker from leapfrogging over him. In any event, the outcome of the Scott-Baker vote—which will be the second leadership vote, following Conference Chairman—will affect the others.

Conference Committee Chairman: Wallace Bennett of Utah, 74, and Norris Cotton of New Hampshire, 72, have locked horns in a fight to succeed Margaret Chase Smith. Both are up for re-election in two years and few expect either to run again. This makes the fight look like a clash of egos on the part of two men determined to go out in a blaze of what glory attaches to the holder of a relatively obscure position. But the fight will have important consequences. If Cotton wins, the Conference Chairmanship stays in New England—a victory for the status quo. If Bennett wins, the West wins. Watching all this with special concern is John Tower of Texas.

Policy Committee Chairman: Senator Tower has announced his candidacy in an attempt to keep other conservatives out of the race. He argues for the status quo: outgoing Policy Chairman Gordon Allott of Colorado should be replaced by a third-term Westerner. Tower's chances will be enhanced by a Cotton victory and, probably, by a Scott victory. If Cotton beats Bennett, the status quo will be affirmed, and the West will still be owed a leadership position. If the liberals get Scott, they can tolerate Tower. But if they lose Scott they will face a leadership shutout and will mount a frantic campaign against Tower. Likely liberal candidates include Charles Mathias of Maryland and Robert Packwood of Oregon. Both are formidable parliamentary operators. Two years ago Mathias masterminded the move that stripped South Dakota's incapacitated Senator Karl Mundt of his committee positions. Packwood, a former Republican leader of the Oregon legislature, is equally deft and less closely identified with the liberal bloc. Some conservatives believe Tower can be beaten even if Scott wins. They believe Tower's brusque, aloof manner has hurt him with his colleagues. Some conservatives want Cliff Hansen of Wyoming, the Senate's Mr. Congeniality, to take on Tower. But Hansen seems committed to Tower and it is not Hansen's style to renege on a commitment. Peter Dominick of Colorado, who must run again in two years, and who is deeply disturbed by the defeat of Allott, is tempted to try to succeed Allott as Policy Chairman. He would like the prestige and staff that comes with the job. But he knows Allott was hurt by charges that he was a down-the-line Nixon supporter, a charge that is apt to haunt any Policy chairman. If Dominick and Hansen stay out of the race, Tower has a good chance. He has a great chance if his chief opponent is Charles Percy of Illinois. Tower is not beloved, but Percy has very few friends in the Senate. And if there is one thing all other potential GOP presidential candidates are agreed upon it is that Percy should be beaten whenever possible. Finally, there is one other way for Tower to win. He can deliver some conservatives to Scott on the understanding that Scott would reciprocate by delivering some liberals to Tower. Such an arrangement might make Griffin a Tower supporter. —CATO

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most critical. The chief points on which Thieu has concentrated are legitimate and weighty: withdrawal of North Vietnamese units from the South; non-governmental status for the "National Council of Reconciliation and Concord"; recognition of the demilitarized zone as boundary between North and South Vietnam; simultaneous ceasefire in Laos and Cambodia. Some compromise on these issues is conceivable—for example, the agreement on troop withdrawal could be kept out of the public text in order to save Hanoi's face, and a Cambodian ceasefire (granted the confused situation there) might be accomplished in phases. But ambiguity on their substance would guarantee early trouble. Having waited so long, there is no good reason for Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger to let down their guard in the final moments. If Hanoi is ready for peace, firmness from our side will not keep them from signing. Our weakness at the finish could lead to a peace not worth having.

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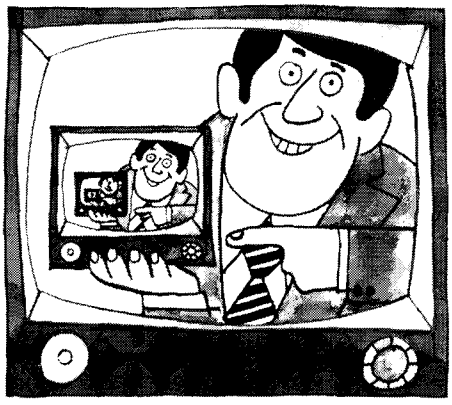
And now a commercial for commercials.



We know how some people feel about television commercials.

But then, we've never promised you that you'd love every commercial.

What we have promised, and delivered, is the most varied, responsible and skilled broadcasting system in the world. And commercials make it possible for us to do this.

We deliver a regular schedule of programs which include sports, comedy, news, drama, music, children's shows, discussions, interviews. Commercials pay for it.

We deliver complete coverage of the major events of our age: a President's visit to China, a climactic Olympics, an historic moon-shot. Commercials pay for it.

The commercials also allow us to air programs of special interest—even if they won't necessarily attract large audiences.

And it's all free to you, the viewer.

No tax, no subscription, no fee. No government subsidy.

So while we can't promise that you'll enjoy every commercial you see on the air, we can promise that you'll benefit from the results. The specials for December and January are one way we'll keep that promise.

CBS Children's Film Festival. Tjorven, *Batsman and Moses; Adventure in Golden Bay;* The Goalkeeper Also Lives on Our Street. Saturdays, Dec. 2 (12:30-2 pm); 9, 16 (1-2 pm).

Countdown to 2001. Study of future space projects. Monday, Dec. 4 (8-8:30 pm).

The Vandals. Investigation of widespread vandalism in America. Monday, Dec. 4 (8:30-9 pm).

A War of Children. Effects of conflict in Belfast. Tuesday, Dec. 5 (9:30-11 pm).

Apollo 17. *Wednesday, Dec. 6.*

ABC Afterschool Special. Santiago's Ark; William. Wednesdays, Dec. 6; Jan. 3 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Cortez and Montezuma: The Conquest of an Empire. Appointment With Destiny—Conquistador confronts the Aztec ruler. Wednesday, Dec. 6 (8-9 pm).

The Homecoming—A Christmas Story. Drama of backwoods family during the Depression. Friday, Dec. 8 (9-11 pm).

The Snow Goose. *Moving drama of friend*ship between young girl and an artist. Tuesday, Dec. 12 (8-9 pm).

Once Upon A Mattress. Musical starring Carol Burnett. Tuesday, Dec. 12 (8:30-10 pm).

America. Making a Revolution; Inventing a Nation; Gone West; A Fireball in the Night. Tuesdays, Dec. 12, 26; Jan. 9, 23 (10-11 pm).

Portrait: The Woman I Love. Story of Duke and Duchess of Windsor starring Richard Chamberlain, Faye Dunaway. Sunday, Dec. 17 (9-10 pm).

Of Men and Women. Relationships between the sexes, based on works of well-known writers. Sunday, Dec. 17 (10-11 pm).

If You Give a Dance You Gotta Pay the Band. *ABC Theatre*—Contemporary story of ghetto youth. Tuesday, Dec. 19 (8:30-10 pm).

Health Care in America. An economic view. Tuesday, Dec. 19 (10-11 pm).

Man and Beast. Relationship of man to his pets. Friday, Dec. 22 (10-10:30 pm).

Whatever Happened to '72? Look at major news of the year. Thursday, Dec. 28 (8-9 pm).

Population: Boom or Doom. Population growth and the American future. Thursday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm).

Holiday Shows. Santa Claus is Coming to Town, Fri., Dec. 1 (8-9 pm); The House Without a Christmas Tree, Sun., Dec. 3 (7:30-9 pm); Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas, Mon., Dec. 4 (8-8:30 pm); Frosty the Snowman, Mon., Dec. 4 (8:30-9 pm); Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Fri., Dec. 8 (8-9 pm); The Little Drummer Boy, Sun., Dec. 10 (7:30-8 pm); Bing Crosby's Christmas Show, Sun., Dec. 10 (8-9 pm); A Charlie Brown Christmas, Tues., Dec. 12 (8-8:30 pm); The Night the Animals Talked, Fri., Dec. 15 (8-8:30 pm); A Christmas Carol, Fri., Dec. 15 (8:30-9 pm).

JANUARY 1973

Much Ado About Nothing. N.Y. Shakespeare Festival production. Thursday, Jan. 4 (8-11 pm).

In Search of Ancient Astronauts. Program probes theory of visitors from space. Friday, Jan. 5 (10-11 pm).

Marlene Dietrich. One-woman show. Saturday, Jan. 13 (10-11 pm).

The Voyage of the Yes. Two youths sail to *Hawaii. Sunday, Jan. 14* (7:30-9 pm).

The Forbidden City. Report includes first film from China's Ming tombs. Tuesday, Jan. 16 (10-11 pm).

Cole Porter in Paris. Perry Como hosts salute to Porter. Wednesday, Jan. 17 (10-11 pm).

Strange Creatures of the Night. National Geographic study of night animals. Wednesday, Jan. 17 (8-9 pm).

The Inauguration. Saturday, Jan. 20.

The Incredible Flight of the Snow Goose. Study of annual migration. Tuesday, Jan. 23 (8-9 pm).

The Wild Dogs. Jane Goodall and the World of Animal Behavior. Thursday, Jan. 25 (8-9 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/ The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/ Watch Your Child/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Tuesday: NBC Reports/First Tuesday (monthly).

Wednesday: ABC After School Special (1st Wed. of each month).

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication Is/ ABC Saturday Superstar Movie/Sealab 2020/Kid Power/Around the World in 80 Days/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/ Talking With A Giant/CBS Children's Film Festival.

Sunday: In the News/Lamp Unto My Feet/ Look Up And Live/Multiplication Is/ Curiosity Shop/Camera Three/Make A Wish/ Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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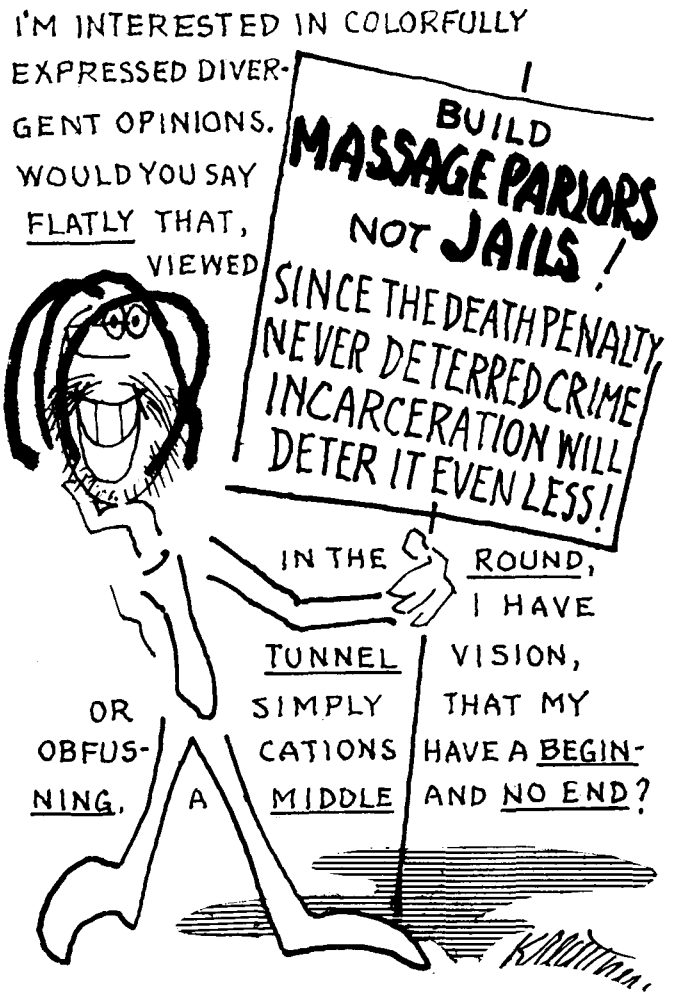
Fidel Who?

During the first half of the 1960s, the possibility existed that Fidel Castro and his Cuban movement represented a new, volatile, and dangerous brand of Communist revolutionism. Castro even became an important figure in world culture, his bearded leftism affecting the appearance of salon guerrillas everywhere.

But in recent years all the indices have been pointing down for Castro. He has made a shambles of the Cuban economy, as he himself confesses. The Soviet government regards him as an expensive embarrassment, and Soviet technicians on the scene view him with contempt. His rhetoric about exporting revolution to Latin America issued in Che Guevara's ignominious death in a Bolivian boondock. The intellectuals, smelling failure, have jettisoned Castro and turned to black Africa and the Vietcong for romantic kicks.

The notion that Castroism represented a new and important revision of Marxist theory is dead. During the 1960s Régis Debray and Che himself attempted to construct a generalized revolutionary theory on the basis of the Cuban experience, to make "a revolution within the revolution." As they formulated it, the new revolutionary would live among the peasantry. He would have few theoretical concerns. The guerrilla experience would be formative, recreating him as the new man of the revolution. At length, the surrounded and weakened urban centers would fall. But this Marxist revisionism is dead, too. Cuban conditions have not been duplicated elsewhere in Latin America. Rural guerrillas have left a chain of corpses—their own—wherever they tried to implement the theory.


I'M INTERESTED IN COLORFULLY EXPRESSED DIVERGENT OPINIONS. WOULD YOU SAY FLATLY THAT, VIEWED IN THE ROUND, I HAVE TUNNEL VISION, OR SIMPLY THAT MY OBFUSCATIONS HAVE A BEGINNING, A MIDDLE AND NO END?
BUILD MASSAGE PARLORS NOT JAILS! SINCE THE DEATH PENALTY NEVER DETERRED CRIME INCARCERATION WILL DETER IT EVEN LESS!

The once-plausible notion, therefore, that Fidel Castro might be a new and dangerous revolutionary leader is now dead. In historical perspective, indeed, he is likely to be seen less as a figure in the history of Marxism than as the most recent example of an indigenous and familiar sort of Latin American dictator: verbose, rhetorical, narcissistic, a man of flamboyant gesture, a man of the theater—with, as is customary with the type, a special gift for wrecking his own country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Castro should seize upon the latest wave of hijackings to move toward the resumption of relations of some sort with the U.S. He has little to lose. Such relations might afford him some maneuvering room, in the classic pattern, with his uneasy bankrollers in Moscow. Eventually, perhaps, better relations with Washington might issue in some succor for his botched economy. And from the U.S. point of view, the elimination of Havana as a modern pirate haven—and Castro is clearly offering that—would be a small but real gain. The OAS, of course, should take the lead. The Latin Americans are uniquely qualified to speak to the question: Is Castro still attempting to export his revolution?

Naval Mutiny

Recent events aboard the carriers of the Seventh Fleet and their attendant ships have an ominous resonance for the historically attuned: the revolt of the sailors at Kronstadt, 1917; the Kiel mutinies of 1918-1919. Sociologically, there are more contemporary echoes. Dissident priests issue non-negotiable demands to their bishop; rebellious students close down universities; and now, in the same vein, there comes to light a pattern of sabotage, drug use and mutinous disruption in the U.S. Seventh Fleet culminating in the "strike" of 130 sailors from the carrier *Constellation*, who refused an order to reboard their ship in San Diego.

In each of these three paradigmatic cases, it will be noted—priests, students, sailors—the revolutionary initiative occurred after a substantial *liberalization* of the institution in question. First you have the Johannine reforms of Vatican II, then you get the rebellious priests. The great student rebellions took place after the universities had jettisoned most regulations, requirements and discipline. And Admiral Elmo Zumwalt, the current Chief of Naval Operations, is the Pope John of the U.S. Navy, initiating extensive liberalizing programs in lifestyle, race relations, discipline and so on.

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On the night of October 12, aboard the carrier *Kitty Hawk*, one hundred blacks went on a rampage, assailing whites with fists, clubs and other weapons. Of the 46 people injured, forty were white. Aboard the *Ranger*, another carrier, the mutinous spirit appears to have been politically rather than racially motivated. Machinery has been sabotaged, fire hoses slashed, fresh-water supplies fouled, wires cut. Two sailors currently face court-martial on sabotage charges. And frequently, when damage occurs, a nearby sticker asserts the responsibility of a West Coast antiwar organization called SOS, or Stop Our Ships.

Spokesmen for the mutinous sailors claim as evidence of "racism" the assignment of blacks to menial jobs, tougher treatment of blacks at captain's mast, the absence of black-oriented entertainment, inadequate advancement, hair-style discrimination and so on. Yet even if all of these claims are true, and even if we add on as an aggravating factor the cultural tensions likely to arise from the traditional Southern WASP dominance in the Navy, the mutinous behavior has been wildly out of proportion to the maximum grievances claimed.

Its deeper cause, therefore, may be sought in the sailors' expectations, as currently nurtured in and out of the Navy, regarding the likely consequences of their rebellion. We live in a time of crumbling institutional authority; repeatedly we have been given to understand: Any institution can be defied with relative impunity. Deans negotiate, bishops dither: The Indians in Washington got *paid* for destroying government property.

But no military organization can tolerate mutinous behavior and continue to do its job. It is therefore disturbing that the *initial* response of Admiral Zumwalt was to assail his senior officers and others on down the chain of command for their alleged shortcomings on racial matters. Only later, and secondarily, did he assert the claims of order and discipline. This represents a spectacular, and in practical terms futile, inversion of priorities.

With the greatest care, and when circumstances require it, liberalizing reforms can be instituted without weakening an institution—but only if they are balanced by other *new* measures designed to assert the essential claims of the institution. All of Admiral Zumwalt's liberalizing reforms, race relations seminars, and so on can only accelerate decay unless military order is re-established, if necessary by draconian measures.

Whose Fault?

After several weeks of militant activity at Louisiana's Southern University violence erupted briefly last week in a confrontation between students and police, leaving two dead and $200,000 in property damage to the University. There are, as always, the questions of who started it, who actually fired the fatal shots, and whether intentionally or by mistake.

And yet, Kent State it wasn't—the nation is not suffering trauma—and therein lies further evidence that the mood of the country has changed. The possible results of police and students confronting each other are less surprising, finally; less outrageous, notwithstanding that the deaths "should" not have occurred.

Confusion and fault abounded: The students couldn't hear what the police were saying; the students were reported to have been importing guns onto the campus for weeks; and the tear-gas dispensers which the police admittedly were firing from their shotguns look like live ammunition. But the situation and the tragedy were not —are not—the making of the police, a fact a violence-weary public may be beginning to realize even as it realizes that of those who live by the sword some, surely, are thereby likely to die. And die without the nation's being to blame.

The Lengthening Shadow

The wreckage of the party casts a pall.
Financially, they're up against the wall.
Jean Westwood's on the ropes and may be dropped:
She's blamed because the kiddie cadres flopped.
More blood will flow, and columnists will find
The Democrats are falling far behind.
The South is lost, they'll say, while ethnic votes
Respond to Mr. Agnew's coded quotes.
Sure, much of this is happening already.
But who can doubt we're destined to get Teddy?

W. H. VON DREELE

Reading Failure

In the wake of the recent survey indicating a further decline in pupil reading ability in New York City schools, the cry is predictably going up for solutions that have been tried and found wanting. Thus the *N.Y. Times* calls for more money, smaller classes, preschool programs and so on. Sobriety is in order.

"We know from the Coleman Report and other studies, for instance," writes Irving Kristol in his recent book *On the Democratic Idea in America*, "that there is practically no correlation between the physical plant of our schools and the academic achievement of our students. We may desire new, well-equipped schools for all sorts of reasons. They may be good reasons; they may even, in some vague sense, qualify as 'educational' reasons; but they are not academic reasons. Students learn as well in old, decrepit school buildings as in new, shiny ones; or they learn as little in the latter as in the former. Middle-class parents who think they are improving their children's academic potential by sending them to a brand-new school with a fine library are kidding themselves. So are slum parents who think that their children's academic potential is weakened by old buildings, cramped gym-

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nasiums (or no gymnasium), shabby lunch rooms, paltry libraries (or no library). What determines a child's academic achievement is his genetic endowment plus the values and motivation he acquires at home. . . .

"Even class size turns out to have nothing to do with academic achievement. There are, in my view, good reasons—having to do with the role of a teacher as an 'adult model' in the process of character formation—for preferring smaller classes to larger ones. But they aren't academic reasons. Whether a class has twenty pupils or thirty or even forty simply doesn't matter. Students who do well in small classes will do well in large ones. Students who do poorly in large classes will do no better in small ones. This subject has been studied to death by generations of educational researchers, and the results are conclusive. . . .

"Every year, in New York City, a furious debate breaks out when the statistics on the reading levels in the city schools are made available. . . . But far from being shocking, these statistics aren't even newsworthy, since they are perfectly predictable. The reason that reading scores in New York's schools are falling away from the national average is that an ever-increasing percentage of our students come from very low-income families that are also broken, transient and generally problem-ridden families. The children in these families show low academic aptitude."

Martin Dies, RIP

The death last week of Martin Dies was not widely noticed, even though for many years in America he was the principal target of ideological obloquy. Oh what they used to say about him, and his fledgling Committee on Un-American Activities. It made no difference at all that the Congressman devoted energies alike to the activities of native fascists, pro-Nazis, and Ku Kluxers. He was, simply, a Red-baiter, who in time would be dwarfed by Senator Joseph McCarthy; but until then, Dies was propped up as the great symbol of domestic terror. In those days Adam Clayton Powell Jr. was a dashing young Congressman, and with his flair for that kind of thing, he put the case against Dies thusly: "The sooner [Dies] is buried the better. He is one of the few people in history whose body has begun to stink before it dies. There is only one place for him to live and that's Hitler's outhouse. We demand that the President have him arrested immediately as an enemy agent. The death of Dies is just as important as the death of Hitler." Mr. Powell was not trained in rhetoric in Plato's academy, but if the words aren't exactly right, the sound is pretty much what you would get from, say, Richard Rovere, writing about the genus Dies in *Esquire* Magazine twenty years later, substituting the name McCarthy for Martin Dies.

Professor Willmoore Kendall, in an illuminating essay on Senator McCarthy incorporated in his book *The Conservative Affirmation*, said that what McCarthy did that truly offended his critics had nothing to do with naming this or that bureaucrat or professor a Communist-liner or whatever. McCarthy—like Dies—simply proceeded on the assumption that the United States was not an Open Society in the sense so fashionable in the academies. I.e., that the *idea* of America *excluded* certain people: people, for instance, who preferred a totalitarian system. Dies and McCarthy weren't attacked alone by those who favored totalitarian societies, most notably domestic Communists. But by those whose attachment to the Open Society was, so to speak, open-ended: who refused to admit a philosophical, let alone political, method by which it is possible to exclude from full citizen-status anyone at all, on any grounds at all. As Mencken might have said, they may be right. They may also be wrong, if history will permit us to distinguish between right and wrong; and if the latter is the case, history may look differently on Martin Dies. And Joe McCarthy.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I never believed I could feel this way! My loyalty is above reproach. I have recruited *Firing Line* viewers, worked toward your goals in '64 and '65, tolerated newspapers that carry your column, distributed *NR*s on street corners, framed your *Playboy* interview, purchased a four-thousand-piece do-it-yourself harpsichord kit, etc., etc.

In fact, we have produced another admirer—Billy, aged four—who harkens me to the tube with, "There he is again!"

And so, these last days have been bright for us, despite Barbara Walters' deprecating manner, and Mike Douglas! But even we are strained. Really, Mr. Buckley, sprinkling parmesan at 10 A.M.? Sincerely yours,

B. T. Clifford
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Clifford: I know, I know—but clearly you have not been importuned by Dinah Shore. She is—sigh!—undeniable. By the way, what were you doing watching me sprinkling parmesan at 10 A.M.? —*WFB*

■ Dear Bill:

Two friends of mine, both salesmen, one in the imported nut business (the kind you eat, not the ones who get into politics) and the other in the iron and steel industry, told me long ago of experiences they had in their chosen professions. For a long time each called on a prospect without success. In fact, neither had so much as gotten past the receptionist. Neither prospect had so

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much as seen the salesman. Finally curiosity, as in cat, moved each prospect to see what kind of persistent SOB would continue to hope when all signs clearly spelled out despair. Does it sound like soap opera to say that each finally got an order?

In many ways I feel like my two friends, as I sit here smoking a cheap cigar and pounding my Smith-Corona. I try to be persistent but do not try to be overwhelming. My wife says I'll never hear from you and I'm beginning to lose face with my two older sons. Thank God, I'm not an Oriental who would consider hara kiri the only solution to saving face. As an Irishman I think O'Hara Kyrie may be the answer to my prayers.

In May of this year I sent twelve bucks to NATIONAL REVIEW, thereby renewing my membership in one of America's more exclusive clubs—I thought! I should have taken two Alka-Seltzers! In due time *McCarthy* by Cohn arrived but not in a plain brown wrapper! Zounds and egad! Now a part of my secret life has been exposed to the surly courier who delivers the mail and who formerly hated only the pooch who guards our front door!

Copies of NATIONAL REVIEW arrived regularly until August, interspersed with unfriendly requests for twelve bucks alternately with friendly admonitions from Chairman Bill to join what's left of conservatism in the United States today. At this point in time I'm not sure if the unfriendly requests outnumber the friendly admonitions, having long ago consigned each to the round file.

Bill, as proof of my good faith I even sent back the original check, duly decorated with Manufacturers Hanover's green and Oak Park National's blue. As my dear wife said, I made a BIG mistake. I should have taken those two Alka-Seltzers!

Only once before have I been the unwilling victim of unrequited love and that, mirabile dictu!, was happily resolved, except for occasional reminders that I am making a big mistake! The question now is, can you in all your omnipotence provide a solution to my current case of unrequited love and oblige.

J. P. McNicholas
316 East Harrison Road
Lombard, Ill. 60148
(aka/ 60148MNI6JEHA160)

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was reading this week's issue of NATIONAL REVIEW when I came across a letter written to you by Mr. Hugh Kenner from Santa Barbara, California, concerning the "Jane Chord" idea of quickly evaluating and judging the contents of a book. I thought it was amusing and I even reached for my copy of *Inveighing We Will Go* to verify Mr. Kenner's findings.

So—since Mr. Kenner hesitated to check any of your other books "lest perfection be flawed," I decided I would do it. (I, too, have all your books except your first. I must get it.) Well, would you please inform Mr. Kenner that the "Jane Chord" of *Unmaking of a Mayor* is I/CAMPAIGN!! . . . And from *Up From Liberalism* I get AMERICA/FREE!! . . . Cordially yours,

Consuelo Molins
Flushing, N.Y.

■ Dear Bill:

Being intrigued by the item about the "Jane Chord" in your 27 Oct. issue, I tried it out on two books chosen at random. It is remarkable.

The first book was *No Second Place Winner*, by Bill Jordan, a Border Patrol veteran and master of the pistol. The words were "border/hunting," most appropriate.

The second book was my pamphlet "Whose Side Is McGovern on?," which just happened to be handy. The words are: "one/war."

The "one war" is against Communist conquest, and McGovern is on the wrong side.

See for yourself. Jane has a copy. Yours,

Charles Densford
Pipe Creek, Texas

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

It really works—the Jane Chord that is. The nearest book at hand while reading your October 27 Notes & Asides was a paperback of *Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy*. The Chord, with italics and punctuation, is "The/*laughed*!"

How fitting that two great clowns should be not the forgotten, but the laughed. Very truly yours,

George C. Gross, Jr.
Brimfield, Mass.

—WFB

Explaining the Inexplicable

"Don't ask me what happened."
—Gary Hart, McGovern Campaign Director

Dear Gary:
You appear to be confused.
(It's possible, of course, that you're contused.)
But for your information, I shall try
To tell you why the country wouldn't buy . . .
Your chance was *golden*. As you know, "Our Dick"
Gets ratings lower than a Thirties flick.
Conservatives were terribly upset,
While liberals considered him all wet.
What did you do then, Gary? You proposed
A hambone Humphrey happily exposed;
A man you subsequently got entwined
With mental health. (That wasn't very kind.)
Faced with McGoo or Mr. Overkill,
The country chose the latter.
Fondly, Bill

W. H. VON DREELE

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American Conservatives Should Revise Their Position on Marijuana

RICHARD C. COWAN

I AM GOING to start with a few assertions of facts that, for all I know that they will be challenged, I consider to have been established by responsible scientific inquiry:

1. Marijuana is non-addictive—I use the word technically.

2. The use of marijuana does not in itself lead to the use of heroin.

3. No one has ever died from an overdose of marijuana.

4. Marijuana *used in moderation* causes no identified physical or mental problems for individuals who are otherwise healthy.

5. Marijuana does not induce criminal behavior or sexual aberration. In fact, it tends in most users to inhibit violence.

6. Marijuana *in moderate use* has little effect on the driving ability of experienced users of it—the contrast with socially equivalent alcohol consumption is to the disadvantage of alcohol.

7. Long-term abuse (gross overuse) should be assumed to be harmful but in fact there is as yet no conclusive evidence to that effect.

8. The moderate use of marijuana does not lead to changes in social behavior or to a loss of motivation. It may correspond with an observable change in people's lives but it is not the cause of that change.

9. Twenty-five million people use or have used marijuana. Marijuana is readily available today to anyone of minimum ingenuity who looks for it.

These assertions are of course contrary to what most agencies of the government have been telling us for the past forty years. (NATIONAL REVIEW has frequently ventilated the official line on marijuana.) Whether you doubt my assertions or not, please read *Marihuana Reconsidered* by Dr. Lester Grinspoon and *Marijuana, The New Prohibition* by John Kaplan. Both authors began their research, by their own admission, disposed in favor of the current legal proscriptions. Both came to the conclusion that our present laws are doing no good and a great deal of harm.

If you read those books and disagree, fine. But if you do not read them and you continue to support (or even if you fail to oppose) sending thousands of young people to prison, you are acquiescing in their punishment out of ignorance. A harsh statement, but true, I think.

It is my thesis that:

1. *Conservatives should support enlightened drug education.* Existing marijuana laws are destroying the credibility of drug education.

The key to education is credibility. Contrast the statements above with the postulates of the conventional government position. In deference to conventional notions about public enlightenment, I wish I could say that "recent discoveries" are responsible for such facts as are more commonly acknowledged nowadays concerning marijuana. In fact, many of them were available to anyone who cared to look into the matter even when the present laws were promulgated in the 1930s.

Accordingly, I ask you: If you are a young person who has found by experience—yours and your friends'—that virtually everything you have been told about marijuana is totally untrue—wouldn't you question what they tell you about LSD, heroin, speed?

Drug abuse in our schools is a serious problem. Barbiturates and amphetamines and a variety of badly made, dangerously contaminated psychedelics are taking a fearful toll, even as parents and teachers rave along about marijuana. The point is *not* that the kids should be encouraged to use pot—certainly not; but that they should be told the truth about it.

The reasons why human beings should refrain from consuming drugs (including alcohol) during adolescence are undeniable. But the fact of it is that adolescents are going to drink the contraband beer, and smoke the contraband grass, and social reform should concern itself with the discrepancy between the law and the social usefulness of that law. The

Mr. Cowan is a charter member of YAF and is active in the campaign to decriminalize the use of marijuana.

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present laws, I maintain, not only have not worked, they are counterproductive.

2. *Conservatives should encourage a uniform respect for the law.* At present, 25 million people have, by common estimate, smoked marijuana at least once. Among college students—especially at the prestigious liberal-arts universities—a majority have smoked marijuana, according to the relevant polls, at least once. A significant minority of these take marijuana with some regularity, especially on weekends.

What is it that American conservatives favor? Search-and-destroy young Americans—one-eighth of the entire population—who experiment with the forbidden drug? Inasmuch as no one in sight appears to be in favor of busting the University of Illinois—or Yale—or Ole Miss—and sending all the malefactors to jail, just what do we conservatives propose?

We are, by the current standards, raising a generation of presumptive criminals—because we have so defined them. The situation is aggravated by the necessary use of undercover agents who regularly practice entrapment. How else does one enforce laws against victimless crimes, concerning which no one files a complaint?

But the story gets worse when the harshness of the penalties is considered. In general, the sale and possession of small quantities of marijuana have been punished more severely than crimes against person and property.

In my native Texas, for example, the average sentence for possession is nine years. At least one man is serving life for possession of a matchbox-full.

Long sentences are *still* being handed out in many states.

Arrests for possession of marijuana rose tenfold from 1965 to 1970, to more than 188 thousand. The FBI recorded a continued increase in drug crimes last year, and unless there is a (most unlikely) decline it is likely that as many as 250,000 young people will be arrested on possession charges this year.

The laws are themselves scientifically indefensible insofar as they proscribe marijuana as a "narcotic stimulant to the central nervous system." Marijuana is in fact not a narcotic, and narcotics are not in fact stimulants. They are depressants. For many years, under the Uniform Narcotic Drug Act, marijuana was legally classified as a narcotic; *not* because it had ever been supposed that such a classification was scientific, but because, as one legislator put it in 1932, "there is a universal antipathy to the use of narcotics"; and it was "antipathy," rather than understanding, that the law was intended to create. The distinction between marijuana and narcotics was restored by the Controlled Substances Act of 1970, but several states still persist in lumping them together, as do many citizens.

Would you respect a law that defined yogurt as a "vegetarian meat product"?

Laws should make sense, they should be uniformly enforced, they should carry a punishment in proportion to the damage done by the offender, and they should have the effect desired (in this case the discouragement of the use of marijuana). Our marijuana laws meet none of the above specifications, and while there are those who obey them, only fools respect them.

3. *Conservatives should recognize bureaucratic incompetence in whatever guise.*

Most government programs start when a politician discovers a "national disgrace." A new department is set up, billions are appropriated—and sure enough, the problem gets worse.

Marijuana was little known in the Thirties, until it was "discovered" by Harry Jacob Anslinger, the longtime head of the Narcotics Bureau. At that time there were perhaps as few as fifty thousand users, mostly blacks and Latin Americans, plus a few bohemians and hippies.

After 35 years of propaganda and repression, the drug has been introduced to 25 million people. As bureaucratic fiascos go, not bad.

It is incredible that conservatives should continue to support the bureaucratic mess that comprises the marijuana laws.

It is even more incredible that at a time when the crime rate soars, the hard-pressed police, courts and prisons, should be burdened with 25 million putative marijuana criminals.

Finally, it is puzzling—and frightening—to suppose that American conservatives sanction a tissue of laws the effect of which is to cast lackadaisical marijuana users—if they are so unlucky as to be a) caught, by b) the wrong people—into prisons which they share with men of tempered felonious disposition. The law defines them as criminals; the enforcement of the law makes them such.

4. *Conservative leadership is essential to an effective reform of the laws.*

If the present trend continues, the use of marijuana will soon approach market saturation and the use of it will level off. However, as more and more of the population become users—and users grow older—it will be increasingly rare for a jury to convict or a judge to sentence a defendant for possession or even sale of marijuana. While this may be an improvement from a humanitarian point of view, it leaves thousands of Americans rotting in jail for what millions on the outside are routinely doing.

For society as a whole it means widespread use of the drug without any objectively sanctioned controls on strength (how strong before it becomes hash?), quality (adulteration with opiates is routine), or distribution to minors. Continued outlawing will mean the growth of a large criminal industry analogous to the fabled bootleggers, and all the social ills that result from such a situation.

It will mean that it will not be possible to discourage by taxation the use of hashish (which is to marijuana roughly what 100 proof rum is to wine). And—worst of all—it will leave marijuana distribution in the same hands as methadone, LSD, barbiturates, amphetamines, and even heroin.

Finally, when legalization does come—say ten or fifteen years from now at the latest (assuming conservative opposition), or in five years (with conservative acquiescence)—patterns of use and distribution will have been set, and control will be increasingly difficult to enforce.

If on the other hand conservatives support the fight for legalization, we can have effective and humane laws that will succeed where the present system has so dismally failed—in keeping the drug from children; in making the vital distinctions. A prudent relaxation of the law will make possible some realistic restraints. Those substances which are now promiscuously forbidden will cease to be promiscuously consumed; as society distinguishes between pot and heroin, its

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children will be encouraged to learn the difference too. Moreover, gentler laws would soften the impact of their own violation: Under present laws, as has been pointed out, hard and soft drugs tend to circulate through the same channels; but under new laws, designed to regulate rather than to prohibit, even the younger teen-ager whose pot-smoking is still illicit will tend to get it from an older brother or friend who has legal access (much as he now gets beer), instead of from the specialist in illegal drugs.

5. *Conservatives should take the lead in urging the decriminalization of individual use of marijuana.*

The marijuana laws have encouraged a disrespect for the laws; they have destroyed the credibility of government; and they have estranged the young.

The importance of marijuana to its youthful users is less the pleasure it gives the individual than the tribal value of it. The drug's use in the counterculture is analogous to the use of alcohol in the Establishment, as a social lubricant. Any attempt at interference with so fundamental a part of the new social life is doomed to failure in a free society.

6. *The notion that marijuana can, in and of itself, undermine the moral fabric of society is contrary to basic conservative philosophy.*

The notion that the use of marijuana is, or leads to, moral degeneracy is not sustained by any scientific investigation of the drug.

However, a moral society, like a moral individual (or a healthy individual for that matter) will use a drug: for recreation (alcohol); to alleviate pain (aspirin); to help him face and fulfill his obligations through crises (tranquilizers); but so long as the individual loves his family, his country and himself, he is going to use drugs to further his objectives, not to undermine them.

The superstition that cannabis is responsible for the muddlement of the student generation goes contrary to established conservative premises.

The hysterical myths about marijuana that have led conservatives to condone massive programs of social engineering, interference in the affairs of individuals, monstrous bureaucratic waste, the alienation of youth whom we struggle to attract to our institutions—are a great and current social menace.

7. *How do conservatives justify the hard data*: over 250,000 young people arrested every year (seventy thousand in California alone), tens of thousands put in jail or prison for long periods, lives disrupted and even ruined, families divided, records besmirched, a life of ostracism?

This is being done in our name?

I, for one, bitterly resent this; but, more, I fear its consequences. If the effect on individuals is tragic, the effect on society is disastrous—disastrous for our institutions, the rule of law, political stability, even public health. This is not being done by the enemy without, but by those to whom *we* have delegated the power and the authority to defend us. They have been a party to superstitions that are as false in content as they are in tone, but we cannot just blame them.

If now that we know that we have been deceived, now that the evidence is there for all to see, our jails full, our youth increasingly alienated and confused, if in the face of all this we do not *take the lead*, how are we conservatives going to speak to America, and how is our America going to speak to the world—of freedom and charity? □

Commentaries

WHAT'S THE RUSH?

MR. COWAN'S hopped up prose leaves me feeling rather stoned, but I would not want my sluggish response to his mix of cliché ("drug abuse in our schools is a serious problem"), confusion ("marijuana does not lead to changes in social behavior. . . . It tends in most users to inhibit violence") and hyperbole ("thousands of Americans rotting in jail") to obscure my agreement with what I take to be one of his proposals. Luckily for all of us, it is possible to derive a true conclusion from faulty premises.

I agree, then, that possession of an amount of marijuana small enough to give presumptive indication that it is intended only for personal use should not of itself be a criminal offense, making the offender subject to a jail sentence. (I am not so sure whether it should stay on the books as a misdemeanor, subject, like parking beside a hydrant, to a fine.) My opinion here is independent of the question of marijuana's merits and demerits. Even if an individual's use of pot is a bad thing, it is not bad enough to motivate, in and by itself, making him a criminal. The punishment is out of proportion to the offense, and probably causes more damage than it cures. I believe, therefore, that laws should be modified, at least to the extent of decriminalizing personal possession of small amounts.

But I do feel Mr. Cowan paints too apocalyptic a picture even on this point. Some individuals have been jailed in some states of this country for such possession, but I have seen no statistics showing that "tens of thousands" have been "put in jail or prison for long periods." (For this offense hundreds of Americans have been put in jail or prison in *other* nations, in most of which laws against marijuana are stricter, and much more strictly enforced, than here—a fact the significance of which might be worth Mr. Cowan's pondering.) Moreover, I gather that laws against possession have been used rather like the income-tax law. That is, the real offense for which individuals are sent to jail is actually something else—not possession but pushing, or vandalism, rioting, trashing, serious vehicular offenses, etc. If pot is found on an individual involved in such activities, it offers a simple device for getting a conviction, much as the income-tax rap takes care of many gangsters. To juridical purists like Mr. Cowan this is in shocking disrespect of the law, but police and the courts would have an even harder time keeping us from reverting to the jungle without a few little angles of this sort. Still, I repeat: I am, on net, for decriminalization.

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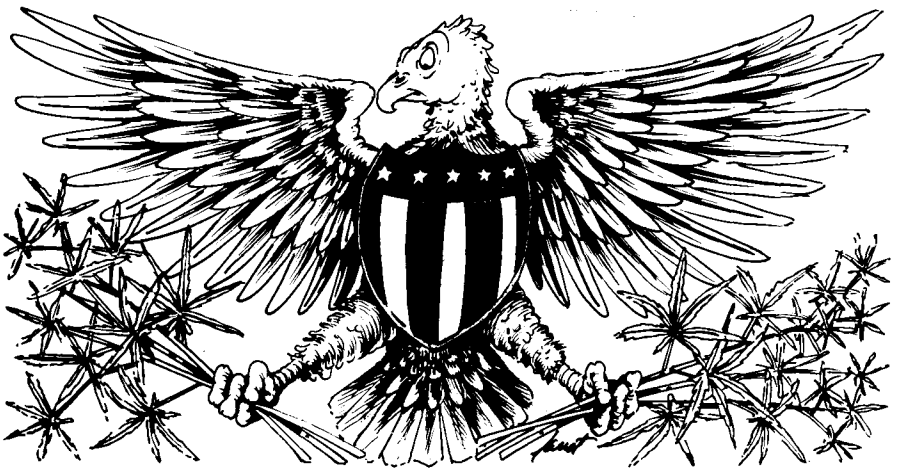
This, however, is the least of what Mr. Cowan is after. He wants us to believe a good many propositions about marijuana, and he wants not merely its decriminalization but its legalization under "realistic restraints." The effect of legalizing would be to make marijuana comparable to tobacco. Under suitable rules and regulations, disclosure requirements, quality standards and age restrictions, marijuana would be grown freely (doubtless subsidized in due course) and marijuana cigarettes (and other products) would be freely manufactured and sold. Brightly colored packages of Acapulco Golds, Tijuana Clouds and Zen Sticks would join Camels and Marlboros in the vending machines. Newspapers, billboards and magazines—*NR* we may hope prominently among them—would carry many a new four-color invitation to Come to Zen Country, and Try a Cloud Trip. In fact, if Mr. Cowan's assertions about marijuana are true, its production and sale should be subject to considerably fewer regulations and restrictions than tobacco. In one paragraph he states that "The reasons why human beings should refrain from consuming drugs (including alcohol) during adolescence are undeniable," but he nowhere gives any reasons that might apply to marijuana.

I THINK it possible that legalization of marijuana will come, and I understand that the big tobacco companies are ready for M-Day, but it seems to me unnecessary to be in a rush about it. We don't really know enough yet about marijuana. Even if there is nothing wrong with it, its early legalization and public mass sale would be offensive to a big majority of the people of this country, which is surely a fact that conservatives ought to take into serious account. And there is something disturbing in the additional fact that cannabis and the cannabis rituals are non-Western in origin and tradition. The West's principal drug, indissolubly intertwining Western tradition, is alcohol.

What my own experience, observation, listening, and reading have suggested to me up to now about marijuana differs with various of Mr. Cowan's premises, though I have reached few hard and fast conclusions. From my list:

1. The occasional moderate use of marijuana seems to do no harm and can be enjoyable. (I wish Mr. Cowan weren't so all-fired solemn about pot. He never suggests that pot can be fun. Indeed, he dismisses any "pleasure it gives" in favor of its "tribal value.")

2. This business about pot's being "non-addictive" fails to impress me, even when someone adds, like Mr. Cowan, "I use the word technically."



I know a dozen or two people, and there are hundreds of thousands in the country, who are hooked on high-calorie foods and who suffer frightful withdrawal agonies if the stuff is taken away from them. Few of them will ever succeed in laying off for good. But of course calories are "non-addictive in a technical sense." The human psyche is more intricate than mechanistic physiologists comprehend.

3. The question whether the use of marijuana leads to the use of hard drugs does not seem to have been put in a precise enough way to permit an answer. We do know that frequent use of marijuana is often one element, and chronologically an early element, in the syndrome that includes, chronologically later, the use of hard drugs, though it is also true that in many cases the use of marijuana is not correlated with the later use of hard drugs. Whether pot tends to "open the door" to hard drugs is an exceedingly difficult scientific problem, but the correlation is frequent enough to bring a legitimate qualm or two to parents watching a child take up pot.

4. As I have already noted, Mr. Cowan contradicts himself about whether marijuana leads to "changes in social behavior" when he writes that "it tends in most users to inhibit violence." (Many observers would equate "to inhibit violence" with the "loss of motivation" that Mr. Cowan denies.) Now the fact is that everybody with eyes in his head knows that frequent use of pot *does* bring changes in social behavior (just as everyone knows that heavy use on a particular occasion brings spectacular changes).

5. Research into the physiological effects of marijuana remains inconclusive. There is little indication so far of any appreciable effect from occasional moderate use. Some American researchers—with remarkable boldness considering the short and narrow scope of their investigations—have claimed there is no effect even from heavy long-term use. In England scientific opinion seems to be veering toward caution. Within the past year, a team of physiologists and neurologists have reported the possibility of brain damage from heavy use, and this autumn a meeting of pharmacological and forensic medicine specialists featured several reports on possible chemically induced damage to the organism.

6. Hashish, as Mr. Cowan recognizes, is merely strong pot. Hashish has been used widely and heavily in many nations, especially in the Middle East: Egypt, Yemen, Iraq, India, for example, where there is a centuries-old social experience of cannabis. The hashish-using type of person is well known in all those countries, and hardly a model many Americans would like to adopt for the emulation of this country's youth. Again, cause, perhaps, for qualm.

These are among the considerations that prompt my query, What's The Rush? If the nation has struggled along for two hundred years without legal pot, it can doubtless survive without it

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a few years more. As with so many things, time may largely straighten out the pot problems without much crusading effort. In most states and most campuses there is little interference from the cops any longer with discreet and civil use of marijuana. Some states are softening their laws, and more will doubtless follow. Judges and prosecutors and cops are learning more about pot. And it is possible that the significance of the whole pot issue is diminishing through a familiar American process. Mr. Cowan may have jumped on yesterday's train. Pot—so at least it seems to me and a good many other observers—is going out of fashion. I know this is true at several schools with which I have direct acquaintance, and several college campuses. A Dartmouth colleague tells me that Dartmouth students have swung back to Dartmouth's traditional beer. In the West this year the most rapidly spreading campus organization is the Society for Creative Anachronism. Its local chapters take names from a past time or distant place (San Francisco = The Renaissance; Tucson with the University of Arizona campus = Tuscany). Activities include baking contests, costumed charades and poetry reading. Yes, of course, the Society began at Berkeley.

—JAMES BURNHAM

MARIJUANA AND THE COUNTERCULTURE

I HAVE only a few things to add to the excellent—and generically conservative—analysis by James Burnham.

First of all, the argument (by no means settled) over whether or not marijuana is physically harmful does not seem important to me. Most things that are fun to do are harmful or dangerous: smoking, eating rich food, drinking, mountain climbing, playing football and so forth. The things you like to do will probably kill you. That doesn't mean they should be illegal or even that you should stop doing them.

The case "against" marijuana (setting to one side the question of the role of law in the matter) seems to me to be cultural, or perhaps cultural-anthropological. Mr. Cowan touches upon this in his point number five. Marijuana is indeed an integral part of the counterculture of the 1960s, and I use the word integral advisedly. The *meaning* of marijuana—and, as I say, I care not a fig for its physical effects—has to do with this cultural symbolism. And though the laws may indeed be excessively harsh (Texas) or the regnant definition imprecise ("stimulant"), the *meaning* of those laws in the current historical circumstance is plain enough. They aim to lean on, to penalize the counterculture. They reflect the opinion, surely a majority one, that the counterculture, and its manners and morals, and all its works are *bad*. And though, as Mr. Cowan puts it, "the use of marijuana does not in itself lead to the use of heroin"; the marijuana milieu most assuredly does so lead.

Now I don't care much for all that "free society" rhetoric. No reference to marijuana occurs in the First Amendment. Mr. Cowan: "Any attempt at interference with so fundamental a part of the new social life is doomed to failure in a free society." Nonsense. Society "interferes" all along the line through laws, customs, sanctions etc. in an attempt to preserve a variety of values, interferes successfully as well as unsuccessfully, and, from the point of view of *my* conservatism, interferes far too little: as in the case of pornography, for example. No society can be "free" in the sense implicit in Mr. Cowan's sentence and still survive. As for the "new social life," *écrasez l'infâme*.

Of course the evangelical tone of Mr. Cowan's piece is something of a giveaway. There is an enormous surplus emotion operating here. If the Texas laws are out of line, take it up with the state legislature there. No doubt laws are harsh or anomalous here and there on various heterosexual acts, on double parking, on drinking, on fishing and hunting, on guns, on speeding, on divorce and so on. I cannot see that the reform of the marijuana laws is a distinctively conservative issue. I would rate it, even conceding every one of Mr. Cowan's points —which I do not—304th on my scale of priorities, or perhaps lower.

Finally: marijuana became an *issue* during the 1960s with the rise of the counterculture. It will cease to be one about six months from now with the death of that counterculture.

—JEFFREY HART

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW

IT IS EASY to denigrate any cause by the technique of putting it alongside other, nobler, causes. Thus a decade or so back Mr. John Roche elegantly dismissed the fear of guilt by association as ranking, by his hierarchy of fears, between Fear #25 and Fear #27, the former being Mr. Roche's fear of college presidents, the latter his fear of being bitten to death by piranhas. The trouble with the technique is that it does not allow for latitudinarian preoccupation: with individuated preoccupation. Somewhere, somebody is being eaten by piranhas, or is in danger of being eaten by piranhas. I know Professor Hart both as a friend and as a craftsman, and he is altogether capable of spending a week trying to understand a single Canto of Ezra Pound, or perfecting a paragraph in one of his own books. I would never think to say to him that there are greater concerns in the world than the penetration of poetic marginalia, or graver causes than belletristic purity.

I do not see why we cannot proceed on the assumption that although the fear of marijuana, the need for marijuana, and the ignorance of marijuana, are neither a) the central concern of a balanced society; nor b) the most urgently needed social indulgence; nor c) the area of legislative concern about which there is the greatest ignorance—still I say: Cowan is entitled to his preoccupation, and I for one find his arguments not merely plausible, but overwhelming.

IT IS TRUE, as Mr. Burnham points out, that the situation is in flux. But it is in flux because there is pressure brought to bear. It was in 1969 that Senator Barry Goldwater came out for the legalization, or more precisely, the decriminalization of pot. Senator Goldwater! Three years after he did so, a young man was raided in an upstate college in New York State, and was found to be in possession of marijuana. He resides now at Attica. Attica! Even if none of us were to bestir ourselves by a written paragraph or a spoken word in behalf of a reform in the draconian laws that govern the use of marijuana, probably common sense would assert itself, in due course, and the laws would

(Continues on page 1366)

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A MYTH RE-EXAMINED

The Incarceration of the Japanese-Americans

WILLIAM PETERSEN

When the book I just wrote on Japanese-Americans was in final draft, I distributed copies of several chapters to knowledgeable persons for criticisms. They were all kind enough to respond, and some of their comments were decidedly helpful. But one recurrent theme I found to be disconcerting. Scholars who had worked long enough on one or another facet of the subject to write books or journal articles had remained—or had maintained themselves—in partial ignorance. I had written that "reactionaries, liberals, and radicals . . . cooperated in denying Japanese-Americans their elementary rights," and one reader made a point of his suggestion that I delete "radicals" from this sentence. Another reader accepted my thoroughly documented account of the Communist support of the evacuation but wondered whether this really could be the whole truth. A third urged me to include a footnote about the Earl Warren who was California's Attorney General, warning the reader that this was not, "of course," the Earl Warren who later became Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court. But he was.

The postwar myth concerning the camps has seemingly been accepted even by those whose professional duty it is to correct it. This myth is that the camps were created by a nefarious plot between California businessmen, who profited from the disappearance of their Japanese competitors, and the military, always a force indifferent to the Constitution. Certainly California had many noisy reactionaries, but they were in control of nothing; and the Army, whatever its chief officers may have wished, acted entirely under civilian directives. This was an era dominated by liberals, among whom one counts virtually every civilian significantly involved in the action against Japanese-Americans. At the federal level were President Roosevelt, who signed the Executive Order authorizing the Secretary of War, or any military commander he designated, to establish military areas and to exclude therefrom, with no declaration of martial law, "any and all persons"; Attorney General Francis Biddle, ex officio the nation's chief guardian of constitutional rights; the Supreme Court, which on this question handed down some of the most outrageous decisions in its entire history; and even such minor figures as Tom Clark, later a member of the Court but then a liaison between the Justice Department and the Army's Western Defense Command. In California, the state with the largest Japanese population, the governor was a progressive, Culbert Olson; the state attorney, the official guardian of the law, was Earl Warren; Fletcher Bowron, the reform mayor of Los Angeles, had been elected with wide support from the Japanese community. It was men of this political stamp who engineered the evacuation.

"It is the 'liberals,' " Norman Thomas wrote in the *Christian Century* in 1942, "who lead in demanding more aggressive action from the Administration against those whose opinions they do not like. . . . I have never found it harder to arouse the American public on any important issue than on this. Men and women who know nothing of the facts . . . hotly deny that there are concentration camps. Apparently that is a term to be used only if the guards speak German and carry a whip as well as a rifle."

If one person is to be designated who, more than any other, led the move to imprison a whole subnation, charged with no crime and guilty of none, it was Earl Warren. After an initial period of indecision, he became a dynamo of action, talking to officers in the Army and the Navy Intelligence, to the FBI and, as he put it, "to every federal agency that there is in this part of the country, trying to get some relief from this situation." After a discussion with Warren, Walter Lippmann, perhaps the country's most influential liberal columnist, vigorously supported mass evacuation; and a few days later Westbrook Pegler, a conservative counterpart, followed his example. When a congressional committee held hearings on the evacuation, Mr. Warren came armed with maps to demonstrate that the Japanese (like the less affluent of any race) lived close to airports, railroads, transmission lines and other likely sabotage targets. True, there had not been a single act of sabotage in the more than six weeks since the war had started; and the California Attorney General, in one of the most remarkable feats of logic ever performed by a lawyer, used this very innocence as evidence of guilt:

> Many of our people in other parts of the country are of the opinion that because we have had no sabotage and no fifth-column activities in this state since the beginning of the war, that means that none have been planned for us. But I take the view that that is the most ominous sign in our whole situation. It convinces me more than perhaps any other factor that the sabotage we are to get, the fifth-column activities that we are to get, are timed just like Pearl Harbor was timed. . . . If there were sporadic sabotage at this time . . . the people of California or the federal authorities would be on the alert to such an extent that they could not possibly have any real fifth-column activities when the M-day comes.

Another official of the California government, whose duties also involved him in the fate of Japanese-Americans, was Carey McWilliams. Among his personal papers that Mr. McWilliams has deposited in the Hoover Library is a draft, "Evacuation—A Military Necessity," that he circulated among influential liberals in an effort to whip up sentiment for the unprecedented act. The main arguments were repeated in a more accessible form in the September 1942 issue of *Harper's* Magazine, where he praised the Army for carrying out "the largest mass evacuation in American history . . . without mishap and with virtually no friction, . . . a miracle of effective organization. . . . It must be credited as a major feat for the Army." McWilliams objected to the use of the term "concentration camp,"

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though when he described the details of the life in one he could find little justification for this stylistic squeamishness. One Nisei "resident" had been killed by a soldier, but "the incident seems to have been the result of a misunderstanding on the part of both the victim and the guard. . . . There is undeniably a serious morale problem."

THIS remarkable statement, which should be read in its entirety by anyone interested in the topic, ends with a still more startling proposal for the postwar years. "Vast improvements are being made in the relocation projects, . . . and it is at least foreseeable that the government will eventually work out some scheme by which [the Japanese-Americans] can acquire ownership of these projects. . . . In the long run the Japanese will probably profit by this painful and distressing experience"—profit by being given a chance to settle permanently in the inhospitable desert areas of the mountain states, isolated from any civilizing influence, where they had been corralled into the drabbest of the Army's functional housing. Mr. McWilliams cannot be accused of reacting with mere wartime hysteria; like every good leftist, he planned for the future.

The American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California (one of the farthest left of the country's regional units) took a poll of its membership on the evacuation and on what efforts, if any, the ACLU should make to intervene. The replies hardly reflected a fanatical devotion to human freedom. As one member wrote: "The very fact that you make such an inquiry shows that the Union has completely lost its head. . . . The decision of the President and of the Army is definitely none of your business as an organization." Though with little encouragement from its own membership, a few of the ACLU lawyers were among the most active in repeatedly taking the illegal acts of the government up through the courts and, in the postwar period, seeking belated justice and restitution for the innocent victims. One man to whom I sent an early draft of one chapter was Wayne Collins, the most prominent of these ACLU lawyers. He had obviously enjoyed, I wrote, being a recurrent and increasingly painful pin in the side of Francis Biddle (whom I used, *pars pro toto*, to denote the federal legal officialdom). Mr. Collins reminded me that by the time he got involved Biddle had been replaced as Attorney General by Tom Clark. "My pleadings," Collins wrote me, "were amended from time to time to substitute various persons who held that office following Tom Clark, namely, J. Howard McGrath, James F. McGranery, Herbert Brownell Jr., William P. Rogers, Robert F. Kennedy, and Nicholas deB. Katzenbach. I did not enjoy sticking pins into any of them. . . . [But] because of their official inhumanity to these victims of war and because of the generalized hostility to these innocent persons and their persistent indifference to the sufferings of the government victims, I can assure you that I would not have shed any tears for any of the officials if the pins you referred to had been swords."

As a second example of this continuing myth, take the syndicated column of Nicholas von Hoffman of a few weeks back entitled "Biggest Is Not Always Best." McWilliams, Mr. von Hoffman informs his readers, "fought with the future Chief Justice of the Supreme Court over the removal of the state's Japanese-American population into concentration camps."

MUCH more remarkable is the almost complete expungement of Earl Warren's past from most Americans' awareness. One would have thought that a man whose impeachment was demanded by Birchite kooks, whose sanctification was all but realized as this era's prime champion of racial justice, could hardly have hoped to hide a single day of his public life. Yet his shameful record as California's Attorney General can be found only in a few specialists' studies.

When Allan Bosworth was finishing his excellent book, *American Concentration Camps*, he wrote a courteous letter to the Chief Justice, paying tribute to his record on civil rights and requesting a statement concerning Warren's participation in the evacuation of Japanese-Americans. Three weeks later, "an assistant to the Chief Justice wrote that because of the pressure of his official duties, Mr. Warren would not be able to comply with the request." In contrast, Tom Clark, who had played a mere walk-on role, stated in 1966: "I have made a lot of mistakes in my life, but there are two that I acknowledge publicly. One is my part in the evacuation of the Japanese from California in 1942 and the other is the Nuremberg trials."

The liberal view of other people has much that appeals to a person of sensibility: a tolerance of other views and ways of life, an eagerness to trans-

(Continues on page 1367)

"You young people are wonderful! This is the first time in years I've been able to get salads into my husband."

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LETTER FROM CANBERRA

Politics Down-under

HIRAM CATON

NO MAJOR ISSUES will be at stake when Australians go to the polls on December 2 to return a new parliament.

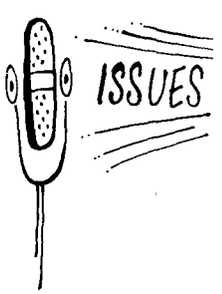
Since Prime Minister McMahon's Liberal Party came to office 23 years ago, the nation has enjoyed a continuous boom. A domestic heavy industry has been created, the great cities have become more beautiful while expanding, and that great totem of modern democracy, the standard of living, glistens in the sunlight.

In such a climate, the middle-class consensus is overwhelming. Prosperity and security are perforce the slogan of every politician. The opposition Labor Party, having long since abandoned the socialist catechism, is obliged to contest the election on Liberal turf. The Labor leader, Gough Whitlam, has been denouncing unemployment, high prices and foreign control of domestic industries. But it appears that on all counts he is whistling in the dark.

The unemployment rate, which though less than 2 per cent is high for Australia, is a function of temporary market conditions. Since those affected by it are already in the Labor constituency, the issue is less likely to win new votes than to reassure the rank and file.

Prices of durable consumer goods are high, and Australians become increasingly sensitive to them as prosperity pushes an ever-widening cornucopia of luxuries into the category of needs. Nevertheless, local conditions make the relation between wage and price structure fairly obvious. Nearly half of all employees are unionists, and another substantial block of professionals bargain in one way or another about fees. When the union net is so widespread, labor ceases to be an identifiable interest group opposed to employers. They are competing with one another for a larger slice of the GNP, and they know it. The big economic event of each year for the wage-earner is the budget, because in this land of compulsory arbitration, public health service and high taxes, it is the bellwether of how each group will fare in the coming year.

Despite the absence of any significant issue, the Liberals, who now hold a slender four-seat majority, are expected to lose the government. Mr. Whitlam has confidently predicted a spectacular eighteen-seat majority while William McMahon doggedly insists that the Liberals will return to office with a slightly increased majority. The Liberals are clearly in trouble, largely because of dissensions that creep upon a party grown flabby from so many years in office.



Mr. McMahon has been the lightning-rod of most of the controversy. He was elected to his post two years ago when, in an unusual maneuver, the Liberals turned then-Prime Minister John Gorton, out of office because of his heavy-handed conduct and infuriatingly casual public statements. (Gorton, who is something of a colorful fellow, voted against himself when the party caucus at which he presided deadlocked on a vote of confidence motion.) Since then Gorton has encouraged "get Gorton back" movements and embarrassed Mr. McMahon by predicting the party's defeat at the polls. He even announced his candidacy for Opposition Leader. Other party officials favored dumping the Prime Minister prior to the election in a last desperate attempt to avert defeat.

Although Mr. McMahon successfully quashed these squabbles and entered the campaign with a party at least outwardly united, these quarrels cannot have improved public confidence in his leadership, which the polls show to be low. Cartoonists have skilfully exploited his gaffes and occasionally dazzling ineptitude. They have put him across as the bewildered adolescent Billy Mac, lost in the maze of public affairs. Among a people who expect and demand strength and virility of high public officials, this image can be devastating.

It might even be decisive if Mr. Whitlam did not have some weighty problems of his own. Although a fluent speaker, his manner is rather remote and austere, which is out of character for Labor leaders. He has announced economic positions that were immediately contradicted by the shadow minister of finance. And he waffled badly on the candidacy of a draft-resister. Only days after denouncing government attempts to arrest the young Labor candidate for Parliament, Mr. Whitlam called upon him to surrender to the attorney general, who happens to be the bête noire of his party's left wing. By first asserting that resisting the draft was not a "crime," and then committing an innocent man to the hands of the law, Mr. Whitlam managed to make everybody mad.

Mr. Whitlam is also taking some blows from dissidents within his party. The left wing would like him to be much more outspoken on the litany of rights for women, homosexuals and blacks (the aborigines); and it yearns to sever the defense agreements with the United States. But since an aggressive posture on these positions would be quixotic, Labor has committed itself only to abolishing the draft and to increasing services to the aborigines.

PERHAPS the most telling blow has been struck by Whitlam's predecessor as leader of the opposition Mr. Calwell. The long-standing feud between them metamorphosed into vendetta when Mr. Calwell recently published his memoirs and exposed Mr. Whitlam's alleged wickedness.

As the campaign began, the polls indicated that Labor had peaked and was headed slowly downward from its position of advantage, while the Liberals had troughed and were headed slowly upward. Mr. McMahon now appears to be a more vigorous and decisive leader than he did only a few months ago. As a bonus, his wife recently delivered a daughter. So the Liberals may sneak back into office after all. If they do, the effects on Labor will be traumatic. □

Mr. Caton is a professor at the Australian National University in Canberra.

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DEBATE

The Future Future of Marcuse

M. J. SOBRAN

WHAT HAPPENS when debate is joined between a rigid ideologue and a supple and skeptical critic of ideology? Between, say, Herbert Marcuse, granddad of the New Left (*One-Dimensional Man*, *Repressive Tolerance*, teacher of Angela Davis), and, say, Raymond Aron, trenchant philosopher and political analyst (*Opium of the Intellectuals*), editor of the prestigious French newspaper *Figaro*? There are those who hold that Truth will irresistibly overcome Falsehood in a free and open encounter. A recent debate between Marcuse and Aron in London (published, in a slightly abridged form, in the June 23 *New Statesman*) suggests a more ambiguous answer: that the argument from experience is impotent against the argument from futurity.

The topic: Can Communism be liberal and democratic? Marcuse does not so much argue that it can as prophesy that it will; in fact, he insists, *only* Communism can be liberal. He means, of course, *true* Communism (as opposed to that unfortunate offshoot that oppresses nearly half the earth) and *true* liberalism (as opposed to that bourgeois liberalism which is really a system of repression).

The first half the debate centers on capitalism. Asked to explain why he supposes that revolution is just around the corner, Marcuse cites the problems of capitalism—inflation, unemployment, the international monetary crisis—which, he notes, Marx foretold. Aron however, terms this line of argument "childish," and reminds him that he had lately been complaining that the general abundance of capitalism had effectively defused the revolutionary discontent of the working class. Marcuse is not discouraged; the demise of capitalism is assured by its successes as well as its failures.

The debate now turns to post-revolutionary prospects. "Why," Aron asks, "do you believe that the planned economy with a one-party system, which has produced a bureaucratic dictatorship everywhere, should be the basis of the utopian [liberal] Communism of the future?" Marcuse replies: You are describing the "present form of Communism" (not to be confused with the real McCoy); what I envision is a system under which localities send delegates (revocable at any moment) to represent their regional "needs and aspirations and problems." What follows is the crux of the debate.

> *Aron:* May I remind you that in the book of Lenin about the state there was already this idea of revocable representatives. You know what became of the revocable representatives. . . . What is striking for me in your ideas is how old-fashioned they are. You talk of these systems that were the ideas of the future of fifty years ago, the ideas of the revolution of Germany in 1921—you are still living in Weimar Germany.
>
> *Marcuse:* Yes, I know that, but you see, the fact that something failed once . . .
>
> *Aron:* No, twenty times, twenty times—not once.
>
> *Marcuse:* No, no, no. Let's agree on twelve times. If it failed twelve times, was defeated twelve times, that doesn't mean that the thirteenth time it may not succeed. Again it is . . .
>
> *Aron:* It's an argument in favor of the ideal. If it failed twelve times then there must be some reasons for that.
>
> *Marcuse:* No. If for a thousand years men couldn't think of a democratic—and create a democratic—society, that doesn't mean that there must be a reason that it will always fail.

Aron shrewdly summarizes their differences: "I am putting myself in the present historical situation, and trying to work inside the reality," whereas "Marcuse prefers to put himself at the end of the process and dream of what men could do with all the means they possess." Touché: Aron has earned the right to appeal to experience, and Marcuse, as a good scientific Marxist, is forced, in his peroration, to make a stiff little curtsy to reality, before repeating that the future will be radically different from the past.

> Unless the transition to a free society is made by human beings with a radically different system of values, needs and aspirations, unless we have something that could almost be called a change in human nature, then the danger that it will go the way it went before is indeed very great.
>
> But I think that such a radical transformation of values is taking place before our eyes: namely the human beings who are overcoming the aggressive, repressive, competitive values of the established societies . . . are increasing. Now I may admit in this case you may call me utopian, but I have had too many experiences along this line and I think that really such a radical transformation of values is taking place.

It is remarkable that Marcuse's grand historical predictions are finally seen to rest on his own private experience (he has read Charles Reich?), which are equally incontrovertible with his assertions about the future ("a period qualitatively different from preceding ones"). Anyone who reads the metaphysical fine print will notice how carefully he, like all ideologists, has hedged his bet: What evidence could conceivably convince him of his error? Like Mr. Micawber, he is perennially confident that, in the course of history, something will turn up, that the next revolution will turn out better than the last; his optimism is, as Dr. Johnson said of a certain friend's second marriage, the triumph of hope over experience. One of the classic problems of philosophy is this: How do we know that the future will resemble the past? Because it always has, you say? Ah, but (as Bertrand Russell puts it) how do we know that *future* futures will follow the pattern of *past* futures? As a matter of fact, Marcuse now tells us with flabbergasting audacity, they *won't*. The problem with such an assertion, as Frederick L. Will has observed, is that it is constructed to rule out any possible evidence against itself: There can be no evidence about a "future future," since evidence is a matter of experience and experience by definition is derived from the past. Hence Marcuse's "future" can never be violated by facts; and if it never arrives, that is because it is still to come. □

Mr. Sobran's first article for NR *was "McGovern as Marley's Ghost," Oct. 13, 1972.*

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ON POVERTY

A Modest Macro-Economic Proposal

GARY NORTH

One of the truly serious problems in the United States is the continual growth of poverty. In 1960, for example, presidential candidate John F. Kennedy pointed out that seventeen million Americans lived in dire poverty. Only four years later, President Lyndon B. Johnson, campaigning against Barry Goldwater, brought to our attention the even more pessimistic message that 34 million Americans suffered from the dehumanizing effects of poverty. I am not certain exactly what caused this startling increase in the poverty level of Americans during the years 1960-64. (Can it have had something to do with the policies of the Federal Government during those years?) In any case, the American people re-elected President Johnson, possibly because they enjoyed the increase of poverty and therefore assumed that another four years of rule by the Democratic Party might bring poverty to 68 million Americans.

On the assumption that the growth of poverty has gone far enough, I think it is time to consider certain economic projects that offer some hope of reducing per capita poverty, i.e., increase net national per capita wealth.

The standard approach of liberals and Disraeli conservatives has always been to take wealth away from the wealthy people, who save money, give it to poorer people who spend, and wait for the multiplier to accelerate (or vice versa). (On this point, see Dr. John Maynard Keynes, Dr. Alvin Hanson, Dr. Paul Samuelson, Dr. Willie Sutton and Dr. Richard Nixon.) The difficulty is that the free market responds so rapidly to the new conditions. By redistributing wealth in favor of the poor, the government planning agencies thereby create, as it were, a new, more effective demand for poor people. The market responds to the new conditions and begins producing even greater quantities of poor people. The demand for wealthy people being simultaneously reduced, the market responds by producing fewer of them. Policies of wealth redistribution seem doomed to failure—unless, of course, the public really wants increased poverty, in the aggregate, and the planning boards are merely carrying out the will of the people.

Now, there may be certain costs associated with the inauguration of my program. Not monetary costs—I believe in efficiency, as any modern economist does—but costs to the social fabric. However, efficiency is better, always. (On this point, see Dr. Robert McNamara, Dr. Robert Baker, Dr. Albert Speer [pre-1945], Dr. Bernard Cornfeld, Dr. Jay Gould and Dr. Polly Adler.)

Statistically, the problem is quite simple. Over 33 per cent of the nation lies in the bottom third of the population in terms of real income. This situation is no longer tolerable. It is understandable, perhaps, that in the days before the advent of modern technology, data-processing, computerized economic planning, macro-economics and the *New York Review of Books*, citizens were willing to accommodate themselves to such a situation, but no longer. The time has come to call a halt to this kind of economic anomaly, this statistical anachronism.

I propose, therefore, that we establish an agency of the Federal Government, directly responsible to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare which will undertake the systematic liquidation of all individuals or families found below the nationally established figures defining the poverty level. (I originally favored deportation, but the enormous costs of transportation have led me to reconsider.) A coordinated plan involving all law-enforcement, welfare and judicial agencies at every level of government must be imposed. (This will insure that the cherished American principles of pluralism, localism and federalism will be preserved.)

There is no question that a remarkable increase in per capita income will result, probably within the fiscal year. In addition, there will be a considerable impetus for those not falling below the poverty line to keep above it through diligent labor. National output will unquestionably expand. Furthermore, the companies now involved in war-related production will be able to transfer resources into the tools necessary to carry out the proposed removal process. Support for the program should be forthcoming from the merchants-of-death sector of the economy. (On this point, see Dr. Gerald Nye, Dr. I. F. Stone, Dr. Abbie Hoffman and Dr. Bertrand Russell.)

I predict that this program—or, more properly, pogrom—will gain tremendous support from the latter-day supporters of Dr. Thomas Malthus, for it indicates that we may be able to reverse the expansion of population that confronts us with disaster.

The problem of congestion in the inner city will end, as I have estimated it, within three hours after the recycling process is completed. Our streets will be made livable again.

The only other economically efficient program I have examined that offers theoretical possibilities for the reduction of national poverty involved the abolition of minimum-wage legislation, coupled with the reduction of federal spending and a balanced federal budget. However sensible it may appear in theory, this is simply unacceptable, involving as it does a radical break with the trend of American thought and culture over the past four decades, as well as a dismantling of the basic institutions of American life. It would be, in a word, unthinkable. Economics should not be divorced from basic human morality and just plain common sense. □

Mr. North is with the Foundation for Economic Education at Irvington-on-Hudson.

Quoting from Senator Stennis

In '54, John Stennis said
The Yankees won't be seein' red
Until they herd 'em in a bus
Like all of cotton-pickin' us.

W. H. von Dreele

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Two Very Different Colleges

RUSSELL KIRK

IF YOU LOOK long enough, you can find almost anything you want, in some American college or other. (Whether what you want will be good for you is another question.) College catalogs descend upon me weekly. This week I pore over the publications of two little colleges back among the hills—Goddard College in Vermont, and Warren Wilson College in North Carolina.

Both Goddard and Wilson are small, situated near isolated villages; both have work programs for all students—physical work, that is; both are interested in the "university without walls" concepts of the Newman Report on Higher Education (which this commentator discussed about the time that report was made public). There the resemblances end.

Goddard College's brochures are handsomely printed and highly eccentric. Goddard's elaborate "Trimester Calendar" concludes with a full-page photograph of a naked young woman endowed with monstrous breasts—whether a member of staff or student body, we are not informed. A school principal who received these publications promptly transmitted them to me. "I don't want them back here where some innocent student might get his hands on them," the young principal writes. "It seems that there is no attempt to sandwich in a traditional education between the Radical Studies Program and Women's Studies. This is the weirdest batch of literature that I've received from any college."

Goddard grew out of the educational theories of John Dewey and William Heard Kilpatrick. It was meant to be a center for "education for real living, through the actual facing of real life problems"; it was to use the local community (so isolated as to be virtually defenseless against experiment) as a laboratory.

Goddard has no regular curriculum and no formal classes. It charges high fees, and gets some money from the federal Office of Education and the Ford Foundation for developing a university-without-walls program. What does one study? Well, study is something of a dirty word, and the "work program" is treated gingerly in the Goddard prospectus; but "a student's educational program at Goddard is conceived as a total experience."

There is the Bread and Puppet Theater, enjoying pride of place among Goddard's "Programs, Projects, Current Experiments." There is Design and Construction—which seems to be mostly carpentry. There is ESP, Environmental Services Program, which "will combine the previous operations of the infirmary, housing office, recreation office, and environmental center." There is GIFAS, the Goddard Institute for Anthroposophical Studies. There is a group which joins practical organic gardening to yoga exercises. There is Bill Osgood, who plans to lead Northern Studies, about the polar regions. There is a Radical Studies Program, the character of which is candidly described by its authors:

"Political action is harder to achieve in central Vermont. Functioning as a focus or forum for smaller groups, Radical Studies has most recently organized a local demonstration against the invasion of Laos, helped publicize the 'People's Peace Treaty' for ending the war, and won official college support for the farm workers' national boycott against non-union lettuce."

No philosophy, humane letters, mathematics, physical science, natural science, history, languages, and such impedimenta? No. Goddard is free, creative, unstructured.

Turn we from Vermont to North Carolina. Warren Wilson College was founded by the United Presbyterian Church, which now has ceased its grants to the college, preferring to spend the money on "inner city" projects. It remains Christian, nevertheless: "Worship is regarded as an integral part of our community life." Wilson's president is Dr. Reuben Holden, who left his post as secretary of Yale University to save this remote little college from dissolution. He presides over a college most definitely structured and disciplined.

All students work fifteen hours a week on the grounds, on the college farm (which provides their meat), or in library and laboratories. Every student is expected to engage in some project that will be of service to others, outside the college. "We believe work is part of a liberal education—understanding the dignity of work and achieving the satisfaction of working harmoniously with others," says Dr. Holden.

WILSON'S CORE program consists, during the freshman year, of a semester of Man's Social Issues, a semester of Old Testament, a semester of mathematics, two semesters of freshman English, two semesters of world history and two of a laboratory science. The sophomore year includes one semester of New Testament, one of International Studies, and two of World Literature. The junior year has a semester of fine arts or the equivalent, and a semester of Mankind and the Individual. The baccalaureate may be earned in biological sciences, education, English and drama, general studies (for superior students), history and political science, mathematics, music, physical sciences and social sciences; also there are strong programs in modern languages, psychology, and religion and philosophy. Incidentally, there is a work program for the faculty—probably unique nowadays in this land, or any land.

"I have never witnessed such complete happiness and working together ness for the good of one institution as is apparent at Warren Wilson," says a visiting administrator from Duke University. "I can honestly say I never heard one serious word of discontent criticism or complaint expressed by anyone there."

A wondrous diversity still survives in the American groves of academe. It will not survive long, if Behemoth State University has its heavy way: not even in the Green Mountains or the Blue Ridge Mountains. Christianity at Wilson, spontaneity at Goddard—those must yield to Social Stew at Behemoth U, if tax-supported mediocrity triumphs. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Sunnyside I

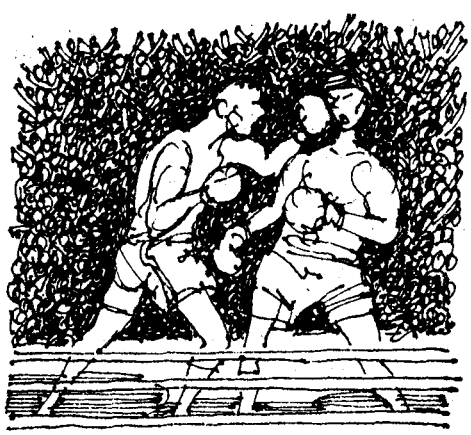
Irish Vic can't stand the sight of blood. His own, anyway. A fat gash opens over his right eyebrow. Harmless, but it bothers his vision. The right eyeball is bloodshot by proxy. Gonzales moves in with new exuberance; click, clack, click go his elbows, like knitting needles. The bleachers root in Spanish, "Pepe! Pepe! Pepe! Arriba!" Gonzales hits Irish Vic on the eyebrow. Again, again—tamping blood with jabs. His gloves are scarlet/maroon, very spiffy. In fact, Gonzales is bloodier than Irish Vic. White trunks have wiped his gloves. The fight is abruptly in color. Two thousand heels drumroll the bleacher planking.

"Get in dere, Pepe. Rub yuh Brillo head on him." Orvin sits next to me, ringside. There is a butterfly bandage on his own right eyebrow. "Scrape him, man. Scrape him."

And Gonzales has heard. He rubs his scalp against Irish Vic's eyebrow, an Afro emery board. The cut disgorges blood. Irish Vic pulls away, as though bashful: a taxi dancer with a drunk. They are against the ropes—four strands now since Davey Moore died, concussed to death on the bottom rope of three. Irish Vic pulls on Gonzales' arms in the clinch, milking strength out of them. Tock-tockety-tock. The woodblock sounds. Ten seconds left. Irish Vic's mouthpiece is half out: a bucktooth grin, Peter Lorre playing Mr. Moto. The bell clangs. The crowd stands. I stand with them. We appreciate, appreciate, cheering.

"There go Thomas Jefferson." Orvin pokes me. A burly, tall black man waits in Irish Vic's corner. He has an open jar. "That there's Thomas Jefferson's special Grade A, unadulterated, cut stopper. Man, I rather bleed. That shee-it sting like somebody wire yuh piles. Thomas Jefferson put it on an' you want t'fight, man. You want t'fight. Fight your own mother. It's mosely human u-rine." Orvin laughs. "It's mosely Thomas Jefferson's u-rine. So I can't say it's human en-tirely."

We're at Sunnyside Gardens, Queens Boulevard, New York City. I love it there. The smell is delicate: cigars and resin and leather. The odd, sweet smell of movie theaters and bowling alleys, but heightened to an elegance. I'd like to bottle it; wear it behind my ears. Back awhile there was at least one small fight club operating somewhere in the city every night of the week. They were exciting and intimate: you knew the people. No more. The clubs



are dead, killed by TV and the zeitgeist. Sunnyside remains and one or two others. They offer cards sporadically, financed by Madison Square Garden.

"Poor Vic, he's no good. Man, they cotch them an Irishman, they put green trunks on him, stick a shamrock in his mouth and shove him in the ring. Up in Boston they bill me as Irish Orvin Beasley, thumper fum New Yawk. Man, that crowd's mad when I come up in the ring with my black, black face. All them big bartender red necks. It's no lie, neither. Great-great grandma Beasley's raped by a whole Irish Yankee cavalry regiment. No shee-it, my great-great grandpa's a regiment. Man, them cats in Boston threw beer cans. Full. Full cans. That's how in-sulted they was."

It's true. In the small clubs they still promote black-white (or black-Spanish or Spanish-white) confrontations. You want to know who's on bottom in New York, run a thumb down the fight cards. Irish and Italian have climbed over the ropes, into $8-an-hour construction jobs. It's Harlem *v.* Spanish Harlem mostly. Irish Vic is a throwback. I sit ringside for defensive purposes. Couple years ago a young Puerto Rican lightweight was rooked by a sleazy decision. You could hear it coming: a riot off the starting block. I was hands and knees under the ring before the first folding chairs hit. Clack-ack-ack: sounded like a duel between men on crutches. Dust flurried down on me as objects hit the canvas above, thundering, the world's largest tympanum. Bottles shattered and eggs. Someone let a chicken loose. They're an enthusiastic people.

"Mrs. Vic—" Orvin elbowed me. "She's gone have that baby right here."

THAT'S WHAT I like about Sunnyside. It's a family thing. The fighters hawk tickets for a percentage: whole neighborhoods arrive intact. I know Mrs. Vic. She's in the row behind us, fingers making here's a church, here's a steeple over her medicine ball uterus: eight months gone. She's seen Vic's blood and she's concerned. Vic's mother is next to her. Toothless, she holds her nose and blows a wonderful Bronx cheer through flappy lips. Vic's father pounds forehead with heel of palm: he means a butt broke Vic's eyebrow, not an honest punch. Mrs. Vic knows that her two weeks' future will be decided in six minutes or less. If Vic wins, he'll be a gentle prince; if Vic loses, he'll beat her with the ironing board. Or vice versa: fighters are unpredictable. Already she plans a strategy of consolations. The crowd boos. The doctor is in Vic's corner. He looks overdressed in button-down collar and three-piece

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D. Keith Mano *concludes his report from Sunnyside Gardens in our next issue. . . .* **Nika Hazelton** *is back home and feeling much better, thanks. Coming up: her recollections of merry German Christmases of her childhood.*

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suit. He touches Vic's eye gingerly, protecting the good material of his suit sleeves. The crowd boos. They hate the doctor. He stops fights: every card he gyps them so many cents on the admission price. And Mrs. Vic is standing; her pregnancy is standing with her. She boos the doctor.

"Why does he do it?" A man just behind us. A friend of Vic's. He's never been to Sunnyside before. Orvin turns around.

"What's he gonna do? Huh, man? Push dress racks around for some Jew? Pump gas all his life?"

"But that guy is killing him." Orvin gets mad.

"He wants t'be killed, then it's his right. A free country, isn't it? He's gonna have scars on his face. What you gonna have? Leave him alone. It's his business."

The bell rings. I pull Orvin around. The man leaves: a protest. Orvin's right eye is puffy, sly. For two, three days he'll have a voyeur's squint. He lost tonight. He's lost four of his last six. He's over thirty now and going nowhere. It isn't the money: there's no money at Sunnyside unless you sell a lot of tickets. And nobody wants to see Orvin fight any more. Not even me. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Airport Blues

We have all read the glorious ads and folders put out by the airlines which promise large seats, exquisite food, hostesses who would grace Mohammed's paradise, inexpensive trips to the places we've always wanted to visit—in short, the works. But what they don't mention is what happens when one lands at the major airports of Europe. My experiences in several of these have been so hideous that I now prefer to fly to a pleasant airport and then proceed by train (Europe's trains are *good*).

I did this last summer when I went to Rome via Brussels, for reasons that will be obvious presently. I had a most agreeable overnight trip in a single sleeper, with breakfast brought to my bed and an attendant who looked after me and my baggage.

But back to airports. My husband and I like Brussels best. All the personnel are very polite, there are hostesses to help you (especially useful when you happen to miss a connection), the restaurant is excellent and right in the airport, there is a hotel where you can rent a room and bath for as many hours as you like (bliss after an overnight trip). Enormous tropical plants line a window wall under which you can sit and muse in non-airport comfort.

Another very good airport is Copenhagen, just as SAS is a very good airline, with good food and agreeable service. Zurich, an enormously busy airport, also gets high marks in my book, though the Swiss are at times short-tempered.

I have no experience of the international part of Orly airport in Paris, but I can report that the national part, where you take planes to fly within France, works very well. Heathrow, in London, is a pain in the neck in every respect. You walk for miles; there is seldom if ever anybody to help you with your things; waiting rooms are overcrowded and dirty; and the personnel are generally bad-tempered. BOAC, the globe-girdling airline, is quite competent, but avoid at all costs BEA which flies only to and within Europe. British European Airways, to give it its full name, has a reputation for tardiness and incompetence. People exchange anecdotes about it. One of my own is about the BEA stewardess whom I asked to help me with a small flight bag since I was walking on crutches, who told me this was not her job and to make other arrangements.

THE FRANKFURT and Berlin airports are also overcrowded, rude and generally nasty. Madrid airport is overcrowded but not rude when *and if* you get someone to help you. How one manages to find flights at Madrid airport without knowing some Spanish I don't know. There is one (1) English-speaking information girl.

Ah, but the worst, the very worst European airport is the one at Rome, described as a "pigsty" by no less than the Italian minister for transport and civil aviation. That's an understatement. Planes arrive and depart hours late—in the case of a young friend of mine, eight hours each way. An official inquiry was made when 385 passengers were stalled in Rome for 28 hours when an Alitalia jumbo jet blew its tires as it was about to take off for New York one Saturday last September. The passengers waited all evening, then left having been promised places on other planes the next day. But the delays went on and on until the airport police had to protect the Alitalia crew from the irate passengers. I know how they felt. This August I spent twelve hours in the Rome airport trying to find out why a sixteen - year - old friend had not arrived from Boston. That ignoble airline had put her on a plane to London, promising her an immediate passage from there to Rome, knowing full well that in August all London-to-Rome planes are filled. After several phone calls to America and desperate appeals to uninterested Alitalia employees, I got the girl. She had spent several hours on a Ghana Airways plane (all courtesy Alitalia) which had broken down, fortunately on the ground.

BUT THIS IS just a taste of the things that happen at the Rome airport. The place is jammed since not only the major international airlines land there, but also many obscure ones. For the thousands milling about, about forty seats are provided in a large hall that smells beyond belief (no air conditioning). The refreshment stand is the size of an Orange Julius counter. Should one be so ill-advised as to wish for toilet paper one will find, almost always, that the dispensers are empty. Wildcat strikes and walkouts flare up constantly, so that one never knows whether one will have to lug all one's luggage, or cross acres of tarmac on foot because there are no airport buses, or be forced to pay a fortune for a taxi ride to town because the buses to Rome are on strike (Rome is almost an hour away). If you have to meet someone, you stand at the exit and ask arriving passengers where they came from—the indicators of arrivals and departures don't work. On one triumphant occasion, a plane left empty for some Italian destination because the management had forgotten to call out the flight to the waiting passengers.

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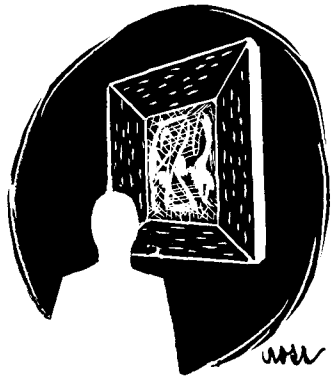
What to do if you *must* fly to Rome? Avoid flying Alitalia at all costs. Go with any other reputable airline that lands in Rome. You will still have to cope with the Rome airport, but at least your airline will help. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

The Selling of the Met

With no eye-catching new "isms" to supply raw material for cocktail party talk, New York art circles are making do with the latest shenanigans at the Metropolitan Museum. Depending on your point of view, you may praise the Met for acquiring, for an undisclosed but presumably astronomical figure, a hitherto unknown fifth-century Greek vase, in near-perfect condition and signed by the painter Euphronios, a find which, according to Director Thomas P. F. Hoving, means that "the histories of art will have to be rewritten." Or you may deplore the fact that this and other recent buys have been made at the cost of selling off — "deaccessioning" is the official word— notable paintings from the Met's collections.



Inevitably, the announcement about the Greek vase was linked with the latest controversy in which, for the past few months, the Met and Hoving have been embroiled. It started last February when John Canaday, the *New York Times* art critic, reported the Met was planning to rid itself of some of its best-known and best-loved pictures. In a front-page article brimming with indignation, Mr. Canaday noted that these included Picasso's *Woman in White* and Manet's *Boy with a Sword*. The museum, sounding even fuller of righteous indignation, immediately disclaimed any intention of selling these works of art—though Met employees (many of whom have since been fired in a massive retrenchment undertaken in the face of a $1.5-million deficit) assured me at the time that the pictures had indeed been stacked in an unused gallery awaiting shipment to places unknown.

Until this fall it looked as if publicity had effectively stymied Mr. Hoving. In September, however, came the announcement that the Met would dispose of a number of other pictures, mostly "minor" Impressionists but including a few older works, at auction. Before the art world had time to absorb this news, came the blockbuster: at almost the same moment Mr. Hoving was denying any intention of deaccessioning anything important, the museum had divested itself of a Juan Gris, a Modigliani (both relatively rare twentieth-century masters), a Van Gogh and—most shocking of all—*The Tropics*, one of its only two paintings by the French primitive, Henri Rousseau, which, not long ago, was beautifully reproduced in a sumptuous coffee-table book called (ha-ha) *Art Treasures of the Metropolitan*. All had been secretly sold to the Marlborough Galleries which immediately put them up for resale (to the seeming incredulity of Mr. Hoving) at considerably more than the $1.5 million the Met is supposed to have received for them; the Van Gogh alone is said to be priced at this figure, and the tag on Rousseau even higher.

Confronted with the story, Mr. Hoving described the disposed-of works as "weak," then took the offensive by saying that the sale had helped the museum to get—for $5.5 million—its much-publicized Velázquez portrait and other objects "which we simply don't have and [which] will never be available again." Presumably he meant the Greek vase which, whatever its price, was certainly a coup. Nevertheless, it is a highly dubious policy which permits a Modigliani and a Gris to be traded in for a sculpture by David Smith and a painting by Clifford Still, two American moderns whose current high prices could easily topple with the next change of taste.

The respected Art Dealers Association has called the secret sale to the Marlborough Galleries "a breach of public trust," maintaining that if the pictures had been auctioned, they would have brought much more money —a reasonable assumption in view of what's been happening at auctions lately. Equally cogent is the objection of art historians who accuse the museum of ignoring professional opinion as to the significance of the cast-off works. The sales, said Milton W. Brown, Chairman of the Art History Department at City University, "have often reflected nothing more than a current enthusiasm or a curatorial opinion in direct conflict with respect for the past or countervailing expertise." Moreover, legal and ethical questions are involved. The donors of the deaccessioned painting received substantial tax deductions for their gifts. Is not the tax-supported museum, then, legally obligated to reimburse the government for pictures that no longer belong to the public? And finally, is it not a tragedy that high-quality works of art—a decreasing commodity these days—should be with-

BRIEFLY

■ Lester Maddox opening, in Atlanta, combination fried chicken restaurant/shopping arcade/theater, where his syndicated TV show will originate. . . . Public Broadcasting will air in January a twelve-chapter documentary saga of a year in the life of a hand-picked "typical American family." Camera crew moved right into the house and filmed, filmed, filmed; by end of series, the family has disintegrated. . . . ABC-TV awaiting pilot of *Egan*, series based on real-life adventures of NYC cop Eddie Egan, who inspired supercop hero of *The French Connection*. . . . Meanwhile, 20th Century Fox is readying *The French Connection, II* in which Gene Hackman goes to Europe, hot on the trail. . . . Judith Crist Superstar: Poll says she's America's most influential film critic; her comments on movies are being sold to radio stations for local broadcast; for $80 you can attend a "Judith Crist Film Weekend" including Bloody Mary Brunch. . . . Hurry, tourists! Radio City Music Hall must sell six million tickets a year to break even, has been selling five million of late. One proposal: Fire Rockettes and orchestra, sell the mighty organ, split the hall into two houses, one for "family," one for "adult" films. Another: rock concerts after dark (when the tourists stay away in droves). . . . NBC welcomes 1973 with *New Year's Rockin' Eve* live from the ballroom of the anchored *Queen Mary*, with Three Dog Night; Blood, Sweat & Tears; et al., produced by, yes, Dick Clark. CBS will stick with Guy Lombardo.

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drawn from the public and end up in private hands, perhaps forever?

Following these disclosures, and while loftily denying any causal relationship to them, the museum has announced the adoption of new guidelines for deaccessioning which may help prevent gaffes likes this from recurring. Before anything is disposed of, two outside appraisals will be required, the curator in charge will have to say whether the work might better be loaned to another museum or used in trade for a wanted object. Still, the final decision rests with the director and the trustees—and seemingly the latter, up to now at least, have meekly allowed Mr. Hoving to indulge his whims. It is to be hoped that they will act more discriminatingly in the future—for it is essential that the Metropolitan strike a more even balance between its function as a storehouse for the riches of the past and its need to make concessions to tastes prevailing at a particular moment. □

OPERA

LINDA BRIDGES

Not-So-New Carmen

The critics have been trying to predict, on the basis of the new *Carmen*, what direction the new regime of the Metropolitan Opera is going to take. Many foresee vast changes ahead; I don't—not, at least, if this *Carmen* is typical.

The sets are indeed adventurous and modern, but so were those for last year's *Tristan und Isolde*. This *Carmen* does make serious psychological points, but so did the *Werther* of two seasons ago, with its exploration of the Romantic temperament. Musically, the performance I saw was first-rate—but that, after all, is what one expects from the Met. James McCracken (José) and, even more, Marilyn Horne (Carmen) have gorgeous voices, and the rich sensuality of Horne's voice is perfectly suited to this role. Leonard Bernstein's conducting was not overly mannered or obtrusive, and there were some very nice touches, like the contrast between the two reprises of the Toreador Song in Act IV—the first with a strong, almost martial beat; the second (while José is killing Carmen) very slow and ominous.

There is one major innovation: Guiraud's recitatives were dropped, for the first time ever at the Met, and there was some new dialogue, adapted from Mérimée's novel (in Act I, for example, we are told that José had to join the army because he had killed a man). Although some would disagree ("And then the music stops and everyone has a conversation in French," said a lady at intermission), I thought the spoken dialogue worked very well.

So far, so good. However, the preseason interviews had promised a whole new conception of the opera, stressing drama over music. It is precisely in the drama that this production goes wrong, when it goes wrong.

Bernstein has said, "Don José is a killer, a man of over-mastering passion," not "just another tenor who is handling the obligatory numbers." This is a perfectly good idea, but not all that new; besides it is not carried out here with the strictest attention to detail.

Any time José is well-acted, even though the standard libretto doesn't explain his background, it is clear that his initial self-restraint was won at some cost. He tries to love Micaela partly because he feels she is a good influence on him. Therefore, it is exactly right, as occurs in the standard libretto and (for slightly different reasons) in the novel, that José should ostentatiously ignore Carmen at first, working on his gun while she is singing the *habanera*. However, in this production, which makes such a point of following the novel, José wanders around looking uncomfortable and embarrassed during the *habanera*; already capable of no resistance whatever.

Later, during the mêlée with the cigarette girls, José first captures Carmen, then lets her get away and rejoin the fight. Now, a man like José might very well act this way, but it is odd that Lt. Zuniga would then trust him to take Carmen to prison. The same is true of his flustered report to Zuniga. The standard libretto has José self-righteously assume that a woman of Carmen's loose morals *must* be guilty of anything she is accused of; in this version, José, looking at the by-now bedraggled and quite unladylike Carmen, says something like, "*On dit que Mademoiselle a attaqué une autre femme*," to which Zuniga replies, with a leer, "*Mademoiselle Carmencita*?" Again, the lieutenant would have to be inordinately stupid not to see that José is already entranced.

These basic inconsistencies in the conception of the role are not helped by James McCracken's acting. His voice is expressive, so he has no difficulty communicating when he is actually singing. Unfortunately, he cannot convey the emotion he wants to convey when he has to rely on gesture and facial expression. In Act II, for example, he looks merely lecherous when he ought to be passionately in love, looks sullenly resentful when he should look murderously angry.

SINCE HORNE'S acting is generally so good (she goes from incredulity to annoyance to disgust to terror to triumph in the space of about five minutes in Act II), one tends to blame the inconsistencies in her Carmen on the director's conception of the part rather than on her inability to execute it. She gives us not a hip-swinging nymphomaniac but a woman who, as a matter of principle, demands "*la liberté*." Thus, at the beginning of Act IV, Carmen deliberately confronts José, although she could simply have avoided him. In the last minutes of the opera, when José refuses to let her go, she finally dares him to kill her because she will not submit but disdains subterfuge. However, there is nothing of this in Horne's manner. Instead, she seems to defy José merely because she is frustrated at being kept away from Escamillo's bullfight.

On the whole, then, this first production post-Bing was still recognizably the Met, somewhere between the best and the worst we have seen there recently. Which is fine. If the Met tried to give up being the home of great voices to become an ensemble acting company, it would probably wind up being neither: it is possible to teach great singers something about acting, but there is just nothing, physically, that can be done about voices that are not beautiful.

New York already has City Opera. It doesn't need a second-rate imitation, and can't afford to lose the Met. □

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BOOKS

Adding Fizz and Sparkle

Beaverbrook
By A. J. P. Taylor
Simon & Schuster, 712 pp., $12.95

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

Lord Beaverbrook was born the son of a first generation Scottish-Canadian Presbyterian minister toward the end of the last century, became a multi-millionaire as a very young man through company promotion—all of it honest despite later rumors to the contrary, arrived in England bent on adventure shortly before the first war and almost immediately insinuated himself into the friendship of such prominent politicians as Bonar Law, himself a fellow Canadian, Churchill, Lloyd George, Birkenhead, all of whom had great futures ahead of them—three as prime ministers—in which Beaverbrook was intimately and at times momentously involved. He was obviously a man of the utmost charm and magnetism for a certain type of unorthodox politician. Roosevelt, for example, could not resist him. His gift, it would seem, was to put fizz and sparkle into public life. This he did consistently until he died aged 85 in 1964.

Needless to say, such a life lends itself superbly well to the art of biography, since there was never a dull moment in it. Almost any biographer could have produced a readable work. But A. J. P. Taylor, himself equally famous for putting the fizz and sparkle into history, has done much more than that. His portrait will guarantee Lord Beaverbrook a permanent place in Britain's gallery, not of great men, but of great characters. Although the cast is studded with stars, Lord Beaverbrook out-acts the lot, making even Churchill seem a little tedious. Churchill bestrode the world like a colossus. Beaverbrook was more like the pea under the princess' mattress—tiny but immensely noticeable.

For most of his life, of course, Beaverbrook was immensely noticeable through his ownership of two highly successful popular newspapers, the *Daily* and *Sunday Express*, which he refashioned in his own image—irreverent, iconoclastic, gay, optimistic, radical, materialistic, mischievous, in love with life. But unlike most newspaper proprietors who are only noticeable because of their ownership of newspapers, Beaverbrook's political influence, at least in the early days, had relatively little to do with his position as a press baron. Indeed, his position as an intimate adviser and manipulator of some of the leading politicians of the First World War preceded his newspaper

fame, as did his knighthood, baronetcy and peerage, which were all given for political services. But exactly what these were it is still difficult to say, even after Taylor's biography.

The best description, I suppose, is that of a go-between. But he was a go-between with very clear views of his own. He wanted to see Lloyd George replace Asquith in 1916, and much of the maneuvering that brought this about took place under his roof and over his dining table and at his instigation. So it was throughout the First World War. Although he served in the Lloyd George government as minister of information, his real role was much more in the background, advising, cajoling, intriguing.

But how did this Canadian outsider, with a reputation—quite undeserved—for shady business deals, come to enjoy this position of political influence so soon after arriving from Canada on the London scene? The answer is pleasingly simple: charm and money, neither of which would have been enough without the other. One further characteristic was required—an eye for the weak spot in the carapace of exclusive grandeur that protected the English governing class of the day. He sensed that the up and coming men would be the odd-balls, like Churchill and Lloyd George, and set out to woo them rather than the much more traditional Cecils or Stanleys. It was a characteristic gamble that brilliantly succeeded.

BUT IT *would be quite wrong to suggest* that Beaverbrook was a mere hanger-on to the wheels of other men's bandwagons. His ministerial record in the Second World War as the czar of aircraft production played a pivotal part in the victorious Battle of Britain, as this book makes very clear. His zeal, bullying, cajolery and force of personality broke through every bottleneck and produced the aircraft. It was in this period that he bought a private armored car out of his own pocket, paid his own staff so as to be clear of Treasury control, and shamelessly exploited his friendship with Churchill to get his

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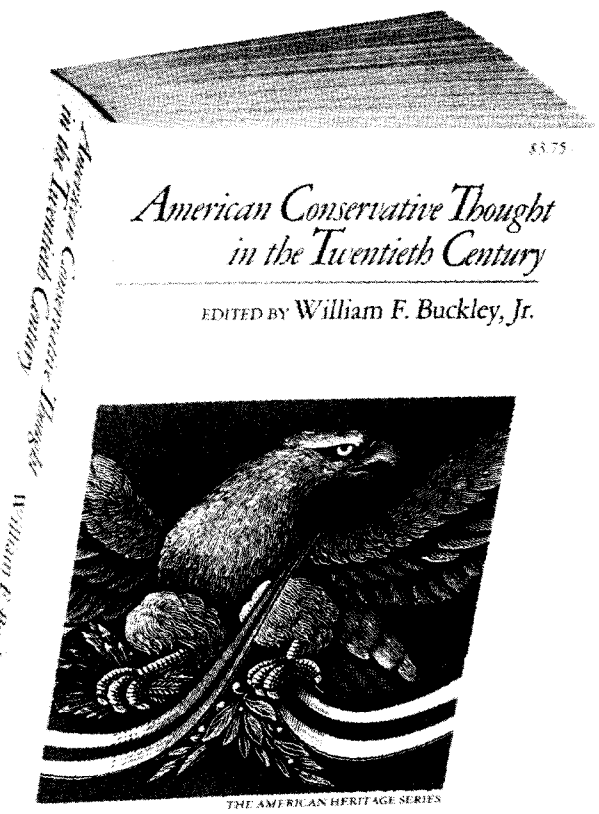
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way. But some would say, A. J. P. Taylor among them, that without his efforts the war might have been lost.

Yet he had fought against the war in the 1930s, an ardent supporter of appeasement plus rearmament and friendship with Russia, this last theme continuing into the postwar period. Taylor quotes speeches of his of fulsome praise of Stalin, even going so far as to excuse him for the Katyn massacres, which make disagreeable reading today. None of this, of course, upset his friendship with Roosevelt.

Yet the fascination of this book is not really the light it throws on some of the great public issues of this century, although Beaverbrook was a front-row spectator of most of them and a participant in many. It is in the portrait of a legendary personality of almost Johnsonian proportions. What A. J. P. Taylor does so well is to make one understand the mesmeric magic of the man. No doubt it was sometimes used balefully, which Taylor does not dwell on enough, but which anybody who worked close to him in Fleet Street can illustrate with plenty of examples. But for the most part it was used to enhance life at all levels, since Beaverbrook genuinely wanted everybody to have a good time, not least of all himself.

One personal anecdote struck me as very touching. Taylor describes how the news was brought to Beaverbrook that his most beloved mistress of many years was dying, in January 1945. "Beaverbrook was attending a meeting of the war cabinet when news of her illness reached him and passed a note to Churchill: 'Jean is dying.' Churchill said, 'The cabinet can do no more business today' and adjourned the meeting."

This has a movingly eighteenth-century flavor to it. War cabinets should adjourn for the death of mistresses. So long as there are men like Max Beaverbrook and Winston Churchill around, they always will. But today there aren't. □

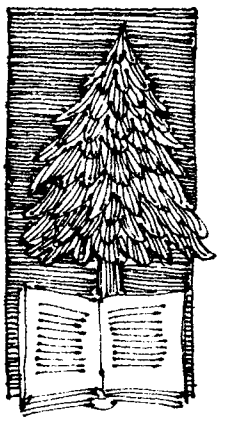
Peregrine Worsthorne, *Deputy Editor of the* Sunday Telegraph, *appears regularly on British and European radio and television. His most recent book is* The Socialist Myth. . . . **C. H. Simonds** *still believes in Santa Claus. . . . Social Scientist* **David Brudnoy** *has applied for a $150,000 HEW grant to journey into darkest Colorado and expose the myth of Greenway. . . .* **Alan Reynolds** *is an associate editor of* NR.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

BIG AND BEAUTIFUL

C. H. SIMONDS

Remember the good old days, when there wasn't any nostalgia? They're gone forever, I'm afraid; *la recherche du temps perdu* is as much a part of the modern scene as the Christmas Gift Book. Which is simply a roundabout way of bringing up the pleasantest, and one of the handsomest, CGBs of this season: *The Most of John Held Jr.* (Stephen Greene, $19.95). Held's flapper and sheik, who set a style more than they mirrored it, and his pseudo-woodcuts that gently mocked the Gay Nineties are all here, along with quotations from his writings and many of the paintings he did for his own pleasure after his vogue passed. The last are fascinating: watercolors of Manhattan at dawn and sunset, a magical city; cowboy-centaurs cavorting in a stylized desert landscape; an angel flying over St. Patrick's; a hunter, his dogs and his quarry all watching a super-sentimentalized sunset, and many more, all strange and a bit fey. A fine gift, whether the recipient is old enough to remember Held's heyday or not.



For film nostalgophiles, there's Lawrence B. Thomas' *The MGM Years: The Golden Years of Movie Musicals* (Columbia House/Arlington House, 138 pp., $14.95)—full of stills and a wealth of information about all the people who cooked up those song-and-dance confections some folks can't shut up about. . . . *A Flask of Fields* (Norton, 272 pp., $8.50) has stills and dialogue of the great scenes from his movies selected by Richard J. Anabile. . . . For opera buffs, nostalgia is everything before the current season. *Debuts and Farewells* (Knopf, 180 pp., $15) is the fruit of Paul Seligman's two decades of poking around the Met with camera. Candids of all the stars!

Impressionism wasn't the only game in town in the late nineteenth century. *Symbolist Art* by Edward Lucie-Smith (Praeger, 216 pp., $10) gives the alternative its due, with appreciations of (inter alia) Munch, Klimt, Burne-Jones, Rops and the young Picasso, for lots more of whom see *Picasso: Birth of a Genius* by Juan-Eduardo Cirlot (Praeger, 288 pp., $29.50 to December 31, $37.50 after). . . . Every year, regular as clockwork, Braziller comes out with another Book of Hours; this time it's *The Visconti Hours* (246 pp., $35 to Christmas, $40 after); lavish and exquisite, as usual. . . . Two more large-format, full-color standouts: Arnold Glimcher's *Louise Nevelson* (Praeger, 172 pp., $29.50) and *N. C. Wyeth* (father of) by D. Allen and D. Allen Jr. (Crown, 320 pp., $25 to Christmas, $29.95 after). . . . Sir John Betjeman's *Pictorial History of English Architecture* (Macmillan, 111 pp., $12.95) is both nice to look at and well worth reading; E. Arthur and D. Witney evoke a tear or two with *The Barn: A Vanishing Landmark in North America* (New York Graphic Society, 256 pp., $25). . . . And two pioneer photographers: *Portraits from North American Indian Life* (Outerbridge and Lazard, 176 pp., $25 to December 31, $30 after) reproduces, in oversize format, 85 of the thousands of pictures Edward S. Curtis took for his twenty-volume set *The North American Indian*, a monument that took thirty years and a million and a half dollars to produce. . . . *Eadweard Muybridge, The Man Who Invented the Moving Picture* (Little, Brown, 158 pp., $12.50) got into stop-motion photography when he was asked to settle a disagreement. He found that a galloping horse does, after all, have all four feet off the ground for a moment; he went on to show exactly how man and other animals move. Kevin MacDonnell has assembled Muybridge's work into a fascinating book.

SUPERB examples of steel engraving appear in James A. Mackey's *The World of Classic Stamps, 1840-1870* (Putnam, 352 pp., $25); give it to a philatelist—he's unlikely ever to find the originals. . . . Finally, *The Art of Black Africa* by Elsy Leuzinger (New York Graphic Society, 378 pp., $16.50) is well illustrated, and less tendentious than most such books.

Africa is the subject of several nature books, of which by far the best is *The Tree Where Man Was Born* (Dutton, 247 pp., $14.95 to Christmas, $17.50 after), text by Peter Matthiessen and photographs by Eliot Porter. The words

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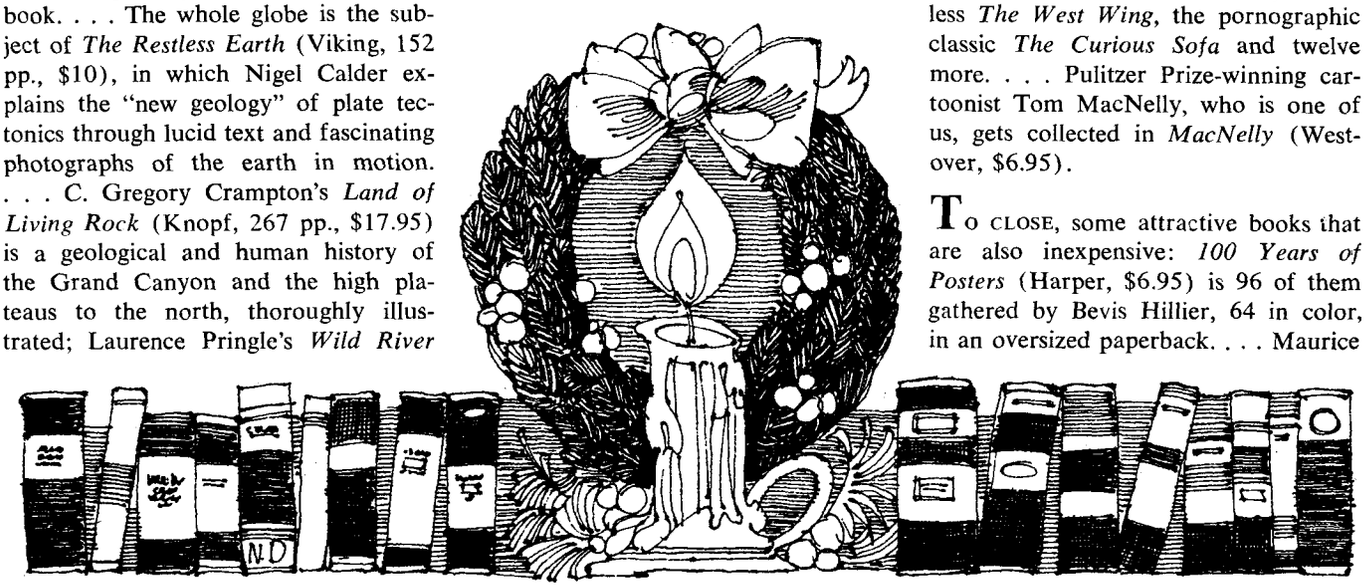
and pictures are formally independent of each other, rather than stitched together as is usually the case; the juxtaposition is a happy one. . . . Norman Myers' *The Long African Day* (Macmillan, 404 pp., $25) studies the animals of East Africa from an ecological angle, with vivid photographs of birth, death and the struggle to survive; along the same lines is *Serengeti: A Kingdom of Predators* (Knopf, 114 pp., $12.95) in which George B. Schaller, author of *The Year of the Gorilla*, distills years of close-at-hand observation in words and photographs.

Japan: Islands of the Rising Sun (Abrams, $40 to December 31, $45 after) combines intelligent text by Faubion Bowers with luminous pictures of the land and people by Erwin Fieger into an especially beautiful (and huge) book. . . . The whole globe is the subject of *The Restless Earth* (Viking, 152 pp., $10), in which Nigel Calder explains the "new geology" of plate tectonics through lucid text and fascinating photographs of the earth in motion. . . . C. Gregory Crampton's *Land of Living Rock* (Knopf, 267 pp., $17.95) is a geological and human history of the Grand Canyon and the high plateaus to the north, thoroughly illustrated; Laurence Pringle's *Wild River* (Lippincott, 128 pp., $12.95 to January 1, $15 after) offers dozens of photographs (all color) of America's wilderness streams and the life they support, and pleads for their preservation.

Eliot Porter reappears with *Birds of North America* (Dutton, 144 pp., $21.95 to December 31, $25 after), billed as "a personal selection." The birds are up and doing, not, as in so many books, sitting stiffly for their portraits. One wonders how Porter can get so close to them. . . . Another great photographer, Edwin Way Teale, has *Photographs of American Nature* (Dodd, Mead, $17.50). Teale is at his best photographing insects in their infinite variety; plenty of those here, also birds, beasts and fish. . . . Beasts alone occupy Erwin Bauer's *Treasury of Big Game Animals* (Harper, 398 pp., $22.50), not especially stunning, but interesting, and, I suppose, useful for the hunter or would-be. . . . For whom, if he has taste, do not fail to get *The Great American Shooting Prints* selected by Robert Elman (Knopf, $25), which chronicles the hunting life from the early 1800s to the present in 72 plates that range from high art to near-kitsch and are uniformly fascinating and superbly produced. Knopf has printed tens of thousands of this book, expecting big sales; it compares in quality with books priced at $50 or $60.

For those who like things military, Vezio Melegari's *The Great Military Sieges* (Crowell, 243 pp., $19.95) is a good buy. Each of the seventy-odd sieges from Troy to Dienbienphu gets a quick once-over of text plus several handsome pictures. . . . John Mollo's *Military Fashion* (Putnam, 240 pp., $22.50 to Christmas, $25 after) shows changing styles from the 1600s to 1914 in 146 color plates. . . . In *The American Steel Navy* (Naval Institute Press/American Heritage Press, 396 pp., $29.95), John D. Alden has assembled a thorough photographic history from the introduction of the steel hull in 1883 to the cruise of the Great White Fleet in 1907.



HISTORY-with-an-angle always makes good gift books. This year there are A. L. Rowse's *The Tower of London in the History of England* (Putnam, 280 pp., $12.95); Neville Williams' *All the Queen's Men: Elizabeth I and Her Courtiers* (Macmillan, 272 pp., $12.95); and the usual spate of Life-and-Times items, of which the more interesting are Marina Warner's *The Dragon Empress* (Macmillan, 271 pp., $12.95), the L&T of Tzu-hsi, Empress Dowager of China; *The Age of Kipling* (Simon & Schuster, 178 pp., $12.95), essays edited by John Gross and enhanced with photographs; and *Victoria's Heyday* by J. B. Priestley (Harper, 296 pp., $15), an equally distinguished companion to his earlier *The Edwardians* and *The Prince of Pleasure and His Regency*.

Slim pickings this year in the humor field. There's a new Edward Gorey, *The Awdrey-Gore* [yes, another of his anagrams] *Legacy* (Dodd, Mead, $3.95), a sort of put-it-together-yourself kit containing all the ingredients of a standard mystery story; also *Amphigorey* (Putnam, 224 pp., $12.95), a retrospective of his earlier works including *The Insect God*, the ominously wordless *The West Wing*, the pornographic classic *The Curious Sofa* and twelve more. . . . Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Tom MacNelly, who is one of us, gets collected in *MacNelly* (Westover, $6.95).

TO CLOSE, some attractive books that are also inexpensive: *100 Years of Posters* (Harper, $6.95) is 96 of them gathered by Bevis Hillier, 64 in color, in an oversized paperback. . . . Maurice Rickards' *Banned Posters* (Noyes Press, 72 pp., $7) is fun, and not especially racy; *The Gentleman's Alphabet Book* (Dutton, $5.95), limericks by Donald Hall, illustrated by Harvey Kornberg, is downright dirty, but adroit. . . . Norman B. Wilkinson's *E. I. DuPont, Botaniste* (University Press of Virginia, 140 pp., $3.95 paperback, $7.50 cloth) shows, attractively, what that particular founding father did to relax from making explosives; his gardens endure. . . . For the hip youth you don't care to spend much on, *Buckminster Fuller to Children of Earth*, selected and photographed by Cam Smith (Doubleday, $3.95), makes Fuller as clear as possible (not very) in a small compass. . . . And for the person you absolutely cannot stand, don't miss the *Rod McKuen 1973 Calendar and Datebook* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). □

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Down among the Wild Men: The Narrative Journal of Fifteen Years Pursuing the Old Stone Age Aborigines of Australia's Western Desert
By John Greenway
Little, Brown, 353 pp., $12.50

NO PULLSIT; PLUCKY BAASTID

DAVID BRUDNOY

Aborigine myth tells of Greenway the anthropologist, out of Colorado. Of course this Greenway, the "Show Fascist at my university," as he's reputed to have said, couldn't be. Nonetheless, the myth is charming. This Greenway began his book, myth recounts, detailing the Abo custom of subincision, the very description of which makes any male cringe in empathic pain. No lead-in, no *ff.-Cf.-Ibid.-op. cit.* apparatus, no nothing—just the mythic Greenway sticking it to his readers. We know this whitefella is fictional, furthermore, because myth tells us he went on in his introduction (how elaborate these Abo myths) shafting authentic folk heroes like Woody Guthrie ("a completely amoral bum," the myth has Greenway writing), and needling posh anthropological wizards like Ashley Montagu (who makes his bread wowing the ladies "on the menopause circuit") and Margaret Mead, the "Great White Goddess of Anthropology." Well, no anthropologist would do that.

Real ones argue with each other in print, gently, to be sure; the Greenway of legend hacks his way through mounds of anthro-truth, reserving praise for other obviously mythic giants: Norman Tindale and Bob Verburgt and a few others we've never seen on Cavett or Carson or Frost, so they aren't really real either. Oh it's infuriating, this legend. And this book he's supposed to have written, this *Down among the Wild Men*, this book laymen could read and learn from, could come to admire the Abo after reading, could come to love-loathe Greenway after reading: I insist—I'm a social scientist—this cannot be. There are but two types of anthropologists, those for other initiates only, and those for boob-tube edification. By a process of elimination, no such a one as Greenway could thrive.

Besides, the aborigines aren't a Fashionable Minority yet, except among a few white hep-heads in Australia's coastal cities, who demand the Abo be integrated (against their will, but what the hell: better ruined Abos than separated Abos), and the Communists aren't yet "pushing for aboriginal self-determination, with a seat—or a campfire on the floor—at the UN." The Greenway legend obviously aims at preserving the Abo uncontaminated by white exploiters and do-gooders, his book setting out to *describe*, no condescension, no moralizing, no Noble Savage-lapping. There cannot be such hideous vipers and swarms of insects in all this world; no such parching deserts, as the mythic Greenway is alleged to have described; no such doggedly traditional and uncomplicatedly content people, who don't even screech "racism" at whitefella Greenway.

AND, given the contours of the Greenway myth, how to account for the constant infusion of Dirty Words and irreligious mouthings? How's this chap supposed to entice readers, as myth has it, to complete the book in one sitting, unable to lay it down 'til the last page, with all this bigotry spread heavy and thick? "*Religion is strong insofar as it is uncompromising nonsense*," myth has Greenway grumbling. And to lead American readers to understand Abo myth, ritual, dogma, priesthood and magic by making discomforting comparisons to *Western* myth (etc.): outrageous. In 1972? Never happen.

Could Abo tots actually pick up an American kiddie tune with lyrics rendered: "Daby, Daby Crocka, Kingada Wile Prontee!"? Says the mythic Greenway narrative, it happened, "sung by bare-arse-naked Old Stone Age children who had no acquaintance whatever with movies, television, or radio." Such talk. Nor would an actual anthropologist lard a book with unqualified put-downs of his favorite subhumans: Frenchmen and Swedes and grungy kids. Or say that "if seven years ago I would have been fired from my university position if I called descendants of slaves 'blacks,' I will be goddamned if I succumb now to pressures to use the word." Everyone knows full well that *all* academicians say "black" for Negro and would sooner submit to subincision themselves than utter the taboo word. See how logic and fact lead to the undeniable conclusion that the Greenway story's a fake? Elementary.

"Sin is great for the short run, but for the long haul put your money on religion." That's him explaining an Abo woman's autumn years transformation. "One more example of the aching tooth of age; a man does not leave his vices—his vices leave him": Greenway's adage. Oh yes. The mythic Greenway revealing "another banal irony: Charles Perkins, the show native of Australian Communism, calling for black power in Sydney; his brother in the bush perishing for water": it simply is not *done* in anthropologists' books. Nor could any *echt* potsherd fetishist crank out a book not only solid in scholarship but written with the verve of a mystery novel, *and* conclude with the story of how he became a volunteer cop, the better to defend academic freedom against the unwashed horde—in Boulder, Colorado.

Why go on? How they've done it, *Mamu Tjitji* only knows, but someone's produced an absolutely splendid book, attributed it to a manifestly nonexistent John Greenway, and convinced a reputable house to publish it. Every plucky baastid should read it, just to *see* it, and to do what "Greenway" says not to do: "*Do not argue with me in my margins about these things* [his debunkings]. Anyone as controversial as myself cannot afford to deal in falsehoods or inaccuracies." □

Dissent on Development
By P. T. Bauer
Harvard, 550 pp., $15
Modernization: Latecomers and Survivors
By Marion J. Levy Jr.
Basic Books, 160 pp., $5.95

IS THE GAP WIDENING?

ALAN REYNOLDS

A decade ago, economic development was a field dominated by those who hoped that something meaningful could be inferred from an algebraic exercise or a catchy new phrase. To be initiated in the black art, one had to master such secret incantations as "the demonstration effect," "balanced growth," "social overhead capital," "disguised unemploy-

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ment," "tertiary production" and "capital absorption capacity."

It remained for P. T. Bauer, and very few others, to weed this rank growth of grandiose speculations. The line between developed and underdeveloped nations is not precise or rigid, says Bauer, and armchair generalizations about the entire "underdeveloped" world are not likely to be helpful. He finds frequent neglect of direct observation in the development literature and failure to utilize elementary tools of economic analysis.

ONE POPULAR thesis claims that poor countries are caught in a "vicious circle," because they are too poor to save and thereby acquire the capital equipment needed to increase production. If this were true, no nation could *ever* have risen from poverty. A corollary of the untenable "vicious circle" argument is the notion that there is an ever-widening gap between rich and poor nations. This notion relies critically on rather arbitrary classification: e.g., Japan and Italy were classified as underdeveloped until fairly recently; Mideastern oil states *are* underdeveloped but have very high per-capita incomes. Moreover, by aggregating all "underdeveloped" nations, the sluggish growth of nations with huge populations (especially India) obscures the rapid growth in Latin America, South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Kenya and Israel. Bauer shows that statistics of per-capita income also exaggerate the poverty of poor nations by using faulty exchange rates and neglecting the value of non-marketed production and services within families. Poorer countries, in addition, have a much larger proportion of children, who obviously have lower incomes and requirements than adults.

Professor Bauer questions the relevance of aggregative "models" of the Harrod-Domar variety, which often ignore the variability and interaction of wants, resources and technology. The static nature of such Keynesian thinking tends, for example, to regard higher and more varied consumption as displacing rather than inducing investment—a familiar excuse for perpetual austerity under socialism. Besides, many products conventionally classified as consumer goods (tools, insecticides, sewing machines) are really more properly considered productive capital.

Few would question the importance of personal ability and motivation in explaining achievements in intellectual, artistic, political and athletic activity. Why then, asks Bauer, do development economists ignore or condemn differences ("inequalities") in income, both between and within countries, which largely reflect differences in human attitudes, efforts and abilities? This focus on the positive contribution of human resources, and the related respect for human diversity, is a distinguishing aspect of Bauer's work. Plans to reform or modernize nations, beliefs and institutions are thus, in Bauer's view, really plans to reform or modernize the people involved in these abstractions. Increased life expectancy (the population "problem") is not only a sign of economic progress, but is itself a valuable commodity ("The position of those who have failed to die has certainly improved. . . ."). Sparsely populated areas of Thailand, Borneo, Sumatra and Burma have exceedingly low living standards, Bauer notes, while the densely populated areas of Japan and Hong Kong are doing very well.

Conventional wisdom typically treats as axiomatic the necessity for comprehensive government control of underdeveloped economies—despite the evident failure of so-called "planned economies" to achieve any sizable and sustained increase in the well-being of the masses. Comprehensive planning does not augment resources, does not affect unfavorable climates, does not encourage "self-reliance, personal provision for the future, sustained curiosity and an experimental turn of mind." On the contrary, comprehensive planning discourages initiative, restricts mobility of labor and capital, divorces output from consumer demand and thereby dulls the incentives to create additional output. In any case, governments in underdeveloped countries (not to mention our own) are rarely capable of handling the basic

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Tim Taylor's *The Book of Presidents* is factual, encyclopedic (Quadrangle, $12.95). . . . *Freud as We Knew Him* has sixty contributors (Wayne State, $17.50). . . . Charles P. Larrowe pens an admiring portrait of *Harry Bridges* (Lawrence Hill, $8.95; paper, $3.95). . . . The Nader project, *Who Runs Congress?*, is a Bantam original paperback ($1.95). . . . Former *NR* editor Arlene Croce makes a joyous splash with the picture-filled *Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers Book* (Outerbridge, $9.95).

■ JANUARY BOOKS: *Half of Spain Died*, says Herbert Matthews, still bent on completing the job (Scribners, $8.95). . . . Nash is reissuing Henry Hazlitt's *The Foundations of Morality* ($12). . . . In *Coping with Crisis*, attorney Gustave Simons tells how to deal with 35 kinds of emergency (including how to get your lawyer to return your call). From Macmillan ($7.95). . . . Edgar Smith takes back his confession in *Getting Out* (Coward, $6.95). . . . Louis Untermeyer collects *50 Modern American & British Poets, 1920-70* for McKay ($7.95).

■ FILMS: Robert Redford and Barbra Streisand to star in *The Way We Were*. Sydney Pollack is directing. . . . Stanley Kramer's latest is *Oklahoma Crude*, with George C. Scott, Faye Dunaway, John Mills and Jack Palance. . . . John Milius is filming a new *Dillinger*. . . . Old-timers Gene Kelly, Binnie Barnes, Eddie Albert, Nancy Walker back in harness for *Forty Carats*, under Milton Katselas. . . . Disney lined up James Garner and Pat Hingle for *One Little Indian*. . . . Alec Guinness plays the lead in Paramount's *Hitler: The Last Ten Days*.

George V. Higgins' novel, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, will be adapted by Paul Monash to star Robert Mitchum and Peter (*Joe*) Boyle. . . . Fox's *Emperor of the North Pole* has Lee Marvin and Ernest Borgnine. . . . Terence Rattigan is scripting his own play, *Request to the Nation*. Universal has lined up a cast that costs: Peter Finch, Glenda Jackson, Margaret Leighton, Anthony Quayle. . . . Don Siegel is directing Walter Matthau and Felicia Farr in *Charlie Varrich*, originally a John Reese novel. . . . *Blume in Love* boasts George Segal and Shelly Winters, but has nothing to do with Joyce.

■ LOOKING TOWARD FEBRUARY: Brian Crozier pens a life of *De Gaulle* (Scribners, $12.50). . . . Winthrop Sergeant profiles opera's superstars in *Divas* (Coward, $6.95). . . . Reprinted with a new introduction: Constantine FitzGibbon's Orwellian novel, *When the Kissing Had To Stop* (Arlington, $7.95). . . . Alistair Horne toured the Andes with Bill Buckley, reports on the politics there in *A Small Earthquake in Chile* (Viking, $8.95).

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tasks of maintaining legal order and monetary stability, much less the ambitious schemes of academic dreamers.

Development literature commonly attributes the cause of underdevelopment to the technically advanced countries: imperialist nations force their surplus wares on poor colonies; the prosperity of the West discourages saving in poorer countries through the "demonstration effect"; underdeveloped countries are subject to ever-increasing trade deficits with wealthy countries; and foreign aid is the only way poor nations can accumulate enough capital to initiate the "big push" or "takeoff" into self-sustaining economic growth. Bauer counters with many embarrassing questions: If colonies have provided expanding markets for exploiting imperialists, how did the poor, oppressed colonial people pay for the capital and commodities which were forced on them? Why does the "demonstration effect" stimulate only consumption and not the income-creation needed to pay for new goods? Why do United Nations statistics purporting to show deteriorating terms of trade in underdeveloped countries omit the years (1938-1950) and the products (petroleum) in which this was clearly not the case? If foreign aid is essential to growth, why did most successful countries grow without aid, while many recipients of American largesse have shown little progress and ample waste?

After such iconoclastic cross-examinations, Bauer moves toward constructive new answers with refreshing humility. The reader will find that many of Professor Bauer's insights are applicable to social issues in advanced countries as well as underdeveloped ones.

In some respects, Professor Levy's book typifies the sort of thing Bauer warns against. Levy blandly divides the world into modernized and unmodernized, generalizes heroically on the basis of a few misleading second-hand facts, and discusses essentially economic issues without any evident understanding of economics. The result is witty, entertaining and largely irrelevant. Levy asserts as axiomatic the universal necessity for increased centralization and regimentation, he favors universal male-female conscription and treats "freedom" (in quotes) and capitalism as "ideological clichés." Unique features of modernity—education for an unknown future, fleeting casual contacts with strangers, rapid rates of change, shifts in the curve of income distribution—are considered "bizarre and exotic" simply because they're relatively new. Perhaps the author should reflect a while on his own dictum: "Rash thinkers can make fruitful errors; silly thinkers cannot." □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Unknown Orwell, by Peter Stansky *and William Abraham (Knopf, 318 pp., $8.95).* For thirty years before he became George Orwell with the publication of *Down and Out in Paris and London,* Orwell had been Eric Blair, of a lower-upper-middle-class family, the kind of boy who with industry and luck would win scholarships to private and then public schools and finally rise to an assured position in the civil service, the City, the army or even the church. Up to a point Blair-Orwell followed the pattern as a scholarship boy at St. Cyprian's and Eton and then service in the Indian Imperial Police in Burma. But his Indian service turned him into someone else, someone who would end up as George Orwell. Little more has been known of Orwell's formative years than he has revealed in autobiographical fragments. But two indefatigable researchers, Peter Stansky and William Abraham, have now remedied this by giving us their searching insight into Eric Blair. They have interviewed friends and relatives, gone over the musty record of Eton and the long-deceased St. Cyprian's, turned every turnable stone, neglected no clues. The result is of enduring interest to all who are interested in Orwell. It is hard to imagine a literate person who is not. F. RUSSELL

The Barbarians at the Gates, *by Richard Bankowsky (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 306 pp., $7.95).* Christian Romansky, humanist, professor of the classics, loses his bearings when Hitler's *Jungvolk* barbarize academia. His reaction to the chaos is one of retreat. After a nervous breakdown he joins the *Waffen SS* hoping to find peace in work, or, preferably, in a battlefield death. He is assigned command of a Polish rail depot through which Jews are transported to Belzec. Only figuratively in charge of the depot, Christian watches with a confused detachment as his dashing aide Thiele brutally handles a shipment of Jews. In the end Christian's ineffectuality and Thiele's perverse zealotry bring on a successful revolt by the Jews and a cleansing conflagration. Mr. Bankowsky skilfully endows his fable with characters of quasimythic stature. Christian's ordeal, while sympathetically portrayed, is a horrifying spectacle. His sort of humanism was an intellectual placebo. But from Christian's fall the reader extracts a lesson for all mankind. D. M. MCLEAN

Imagination and Power: *A Study of Poetry on Public Themes, by Thomas R. Edwards (Oxford, 232 pp., $7.50).* Professor Edwards has chosen an interesting topic, one indeed that deserves even fuller treatment than this. So long as he is comfortably ensconced in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, his discussion appears equal to the topic (on the sixteenth century, I frankly prefer C. S. Lewis in his Oxford History of English Literature volume). When Professor Edwards reaches the Romantic Era, he seems to me a trifle disjointed in his commentary, though any attempt to consider the public poetry of Blake, Shelley and Wordsworth in less than fifty pages is likely to be disjointed. It is, however, especially in his discussion of the twentieth century that I find myself parting company with him, not so much because I disagree with his politics (although I do) as because a book that starts with Shakespeare and Marlowe and Spenser and ends with Robert Lowell to me uncomfortably mirrors the decline of poetry, and Professor Edwards seems too much unaware of that decline. But borrow the book from your library for the author's sensible and sensitive commentary on the period of his real expertise. J. C. LOBDELL

Babylon, *by James Wellard (Saturday Review, 223 pp., illus., $6.95).* This is a pleasant, readable popular history not only of Babylon, but of its gradual rediscovery by a colorful assortment of European adventurers, pedants and archeologists. Mr. Wellard writes an engaging narrative, and the casual reader will enjoy following the downward winding history of the greatest city of antiquity through two thousand turbulent years. Babylon was one of the first victims of a hostile press, in this case the Judean, biblical clique—hardly effete snobs, but nastily jealous of what was, in many ways, a superior technology and a more important civilization. In the end, it succumbed to the fate predicted by the Prophet Jeremiah and became a ruin, "a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and a hissing, without an inhabitant." By 363 A.D., it was nothing more than a game preserve for Shapur I of Persia. Not a bad track record when viewed in perspective, though. There are those who contend that John Lindsay has transformed New York into just as much of a zoo—and it didn't take him anything near two thousand years. A. BAKSHIAN JR.

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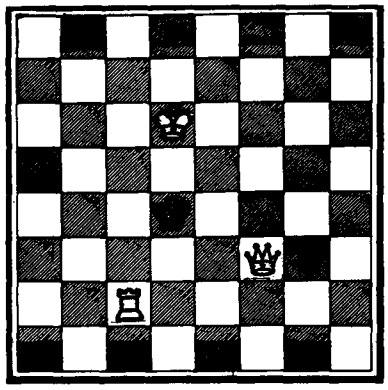
Beauty Is Where You Find It

By
Tom Sweeney
and
Bill Barclay

The Kind of Chess Book We Wish We Had When We Were Boys



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THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW

(Continued from page 1348)

be modified. But that kind of resignation is hardly consistent with the imperatives of a journal of opinion. Our responsibility is to move ahead of public opinion: indeed to influence public opinion. Mr. Cowan insists quite simply that there *are* no arguments, of any force or gravity, by which to justify the treatment routinely given to people who use marijuana here and there in the United States. I flatly agree with him.

While agreeing with Messrs. Burnham and Hart on the point that science is not only hubristic but childish when it says that the case for the innocence of pot is largely established. It is like the scientific law that declares a man to be under the influence of alcohol and therefore unfit to drive a car when his alcoholic content is .002—or whatever. This even though everybody knows—even Einstein must have known—the man who if he has .0000002 alcohol is a menace, vehicular and social; whereas there are those whose alcoholic content is usually .2, or whatever, and manage world wars and great speeches—if not quite adequate peace terms—altogether competently. Pot is a psychic poison to some people, and the hell with those who think otherwise: they are wrong.

Do we therefore legalize pot? Not, I should say, in the sense Mr. Burnham caricatures. But the President's Commission did not advocate a distinction that is purely idle when it recommended that pushers should be illegal, but consumers not so. Thus it was, mostly, under prohibition. Thus it is, by and large, with prostitution; and even with gambling. The gentle animadversions of the law are not useless. They do become, however, a great menace rather than a benefaction when they are taken too literally, and I understand this to be what Mr. Cowan is fighting to free us from, and I am on his side.

—WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

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(Continued from page 1350)

gress one's cultural heritage and adapt to alien patterns. How was it that a group of generally good-hearted men engineered or supported so foul an official policy? The alibi of wartime hysteria is not an acceptable explanation, if only because the official hostility to Japanese-Americans persisted long after the war was over.

Liberal concern about individual liberties, though most often genuine, has too frequently been linked to the support—partial or total, knowing or innocent—of totalitarianism. From the mid-1930s on, hardly any liberal organization lacked its significant intrusion of Communists, and no Communist front failed to pervert its quota of liberals. In 1942 the Communist Party's position, which was expressed most openly through a front organization, the Japanese-American Committee for Democracy (with its headquarters, one should note, in New York City), was in favor of the incarceration. As an editorial in the August 1942 issue of its newsletter put it: "Surely it is not too much to ask the Japanese community to sacrifice, for the duration, some small portion of their civil rights. . . . We realize that the evacuation is not foolproof or perfect, nor is it the complete solution of the Japanese problem." But for the duration it was recommended as the best "solution" available. This Communist position reverberated widely throughout the liberal community; for in the organizations in which both had been working for presumably the same ends, the Communists generally acquired ascendancy by contributing more time and effort to the joint cause. But after Hitler broke the Nazi-Soviet Friendship Pact and the German armies started to invade Russia, all the world's Communists had only one function—to work for the victory of the Soviet Union. If there was one chance in a million that one Japanese-American might commit one act of sabotage, the civil rights of the whole group weighed as nothing.

Yet a deeper question than association with Communists is involved. As we have come to see in recent years, liberal doctrine on minority subcultures is peculiarly instrumental, concerned more with ends to be achieved than with the perception of objective truth.

The older liberal doctrine mainly emphasized that no signficant cultural differences set off any human group

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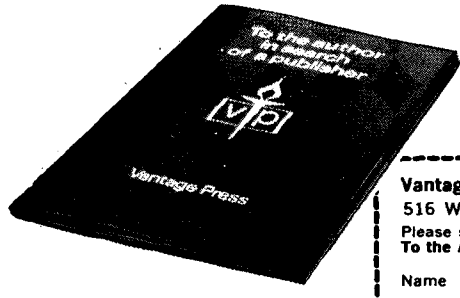

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EUGENE LYONS:

[Workers'] *Paradise Lost*

Amid the thunder of communist "anti-imperialist" propaganda, Moscow was restoring and enlarging the old Russian empire. It has not willingly relinquished an inch of foreign soil ever held or claimed by the Romanoff dynasty.

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from any other. All men are brothers. Superficial differences there may be; in "reality" they are unimportant. And since seeming differences are either nonexistent or unimportant, the appropriate stance toward minority subcultures, under this older and partly persistent doctrine, was total toleration.

Recent liberal doctrine has in some applications shifted 180 degrees, stressing and even cherishing the differences exhibited by black, Chicano, Indian and a few other subcultures. We thus have both "integrationist" and benignly "segregationist" liberal programs.

The key to the contradiction in principle is that both doctrines are ad hoc, designed to benefit different minorities. The first, aggressively assimilationist, benefits groups experiencing mainly social discrimination. The second proposes to help groups allegedly requiring *special privilege*—be it quotas in education, in the economy, or wherever. But such purely instrumental doctrine sheds no light on the concrete reality of very different subcultures. And since even a generation ago liberal doctrine was so purely utilitarian, it provided little defense for the unfortunate Japanese-Americans. The liberals, supposedly men of principle, followed their raw instinct.

The incarceration of Japanese-Americans is not a full test, but neither was it an incidental aberration. Edward S. Corwin, in my layman's view the country's foremost scholar of constitutional law, called the incarceration in concentration camps of virtually every mainland Japanese-American, accompanied by the destruction of their community organizations and the almost total loss of their painfully accumulated wealth, "the most drastic invasion of the rights of citizens of the United States by their own government that has thus far occurred in the history of our nation." □

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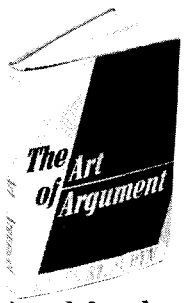

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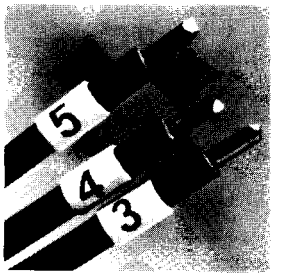

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On The Right

The Unhappy Dilemma of Walter Cronkite

New York, Nov. 17—Walter Cronkite and, as the headline writer of the *New York Times* describes them, "others," have announced that they will abide by the instructions of their union and will therefore refuse to cross the picket lines set up by striking CBS technicians. The performers' union, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, hasn't said yet what will be the effective hour when the ban begins, but it is expected at any moment.

Walter Cronkite, a man of lovely manners and a lively mind, emerges because of his prominence as the spokesman for his fellow CBS newsmen and analysts. Mr. Cronkite has been in the hospital suffering from hoarseness—and verily it is as if the entire country were temporarily asphyxiated. It is bad enough to be without Cronkite because he is in the hospital popping lozenges. It is intolerable to be without him because he, and his employers, misinterpret the law, or misunderstand the Constitution.

HERE ARE the facts:

1. In order to work for CBS, you have to join AFTRA. CBS has a contract with AFTRA the terms of which require this.

2. That contract is based on the authority presumed by AFTRA to flow from the National Labor Relations Act which permits union shop contracts. But, of course, no law of Congress can, under the Constitution, abridge the freedom of speech or of the press. The authority of AFTRA to compel membership is in fact being challenged at this very moment in the federal courts by, as it happens, me.

3. In a sudden switch a few months ago, AFTRA conceded that it did not require newsmen and analysts to join its union but merely to pay it dues.

4. From which it would appear to follow that Cronkite et al. could resign from the union so long as they paid the union its dues. Surely CBS would not object to their resigning from the union if the union itself doesn't object? And the union is on record on this matter, and a New York state court (in *Lewis* v. *AFTRA*) has taken note of it.

5. The ironies mount when one studies the statement of Cronkite et al. The statement reports that the newsmen are not in sympathy with the demands being made by their fellow employees in the technicians' union. The decision to observe the picket line, the statement says, "was taken reluctantly. The New York CBS news employees do not agree with the objective of the IBEW strike . . . However, it was considered that inasmuch as the CBS newsmen are members of AFTRA—under, it should be pointed out, the company's own edict requiring such membership—they now feel a moral obligation to support the majority action of the union."

6. Before dwelling on the moral question, we should consider for a moment the material question. If AFTRA tells a member not to cross a picket line, and that member does so anyway, AFTRA can retaliate, under its constitution, with virtually unlimited ferocity. It did so, on a recent occasion, only to be overruled by its membership, which exacted a fine equal to the amount of money earned by the violator for the duration of the trespass. Thus even though AFTRA appears to have cooled down, and reduced its penitential budget to venial proportions, the power is latently there; and we are indeed left with the moral question:

7. Could it be that Messrs. Cronkite et al. are in fact putting pressure on CBS to take the initiative in repealing the requirement of forced membership in AFTRA? If so the maneuver is shrewd. If, on the other hand, we have here an orthodox act of fraternal loyalty, the moral point as propounded by Mr. Cronkite is pretty shaky. He is saying that he feels a greater obligation to defend a cause he doesn't believe in, imposed by a union he doesn't have to belong to, than to serve employers with whom he freely contracted. And to serve a public which by the tens of millions relies on CBS newsmen for their knowledge of the world. It is a strange position for Cronkite et al. to take, and CBS owes it to the public to explain its own peculiar position in the matter. □

CBS ON THE LINE

New York, Nov. 20—I have here a communication, just received from the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists. It is struck in the Napoleonic mode: "You and all AFTRA members are hereby ordered, pursuant to the resolution of the AFTRA National Board, to respect the picket lines of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers at CBS, and members are ordered to refrain from performing any broadcast or pre-broadcast services for CBS. This order is effective Tuesday, November 21, 1972, at 6 P.M. You are advised that any member who violates an order of the AFTRA National Board may be found guilty of conduct unbecoming an AFTRA member and shall be subject to disciplinary action."

As we know, at this writing the key analysts and news commentators of CBS have announced that, reluctantly, they will adhere to the instructions of AFTRA. CBS meanwhile groans under the burden of conflicting, confused and confusing legal opinion, while the house theologians weigh the moral questions. Eric Sevareid, on Tuesday night, was tough as nails on the unions, though a little less so on himself and his colleagues. "Union loyalty," he said, "is made to supersede a journalist's loyalty to his employers, his profession, and his concept of his duties to the public. . . . The present mess has reached the point where flying picket squads interfere with the filming of news events . . . In other words, striking technicians are presuming to decide what news the American people shall receive, at least via this network."

IN FACT, it transpires, the CBS-AFTRA contract lapsed last week, so that the CBS newsmen could resign their "membership" from AFTRA without any apparent difficulty. It is, moreover, most clearly asserted by the courts (see, e.g., *Lewis* v. *AFTRA*, 1972) that although the union shop is a legal device, "membership" in a union can reduce to simply paying one's dues. "If an employee in a union shop unit refuses to respect any union-imposed ob-

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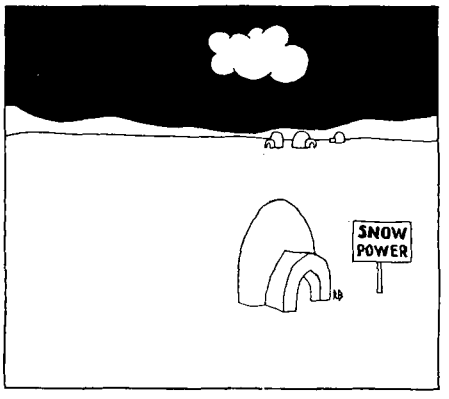
ligations other than the duty to pay dues and fees," said the court in *NLRB* v. *General Motors Corp.* (373 U.S. 734), "and membership in the union is therefore denied or terminated, the condition of 'membership' . . . is nevertheless satisfied and the employee may not be discharged for non-membership even though he is not a formal member." Judge Quinn put it in his own language last spring: "As long as plaintiff pays his dues, his employment cannot be compromised."

So what is the remaining reason for the walkout of the CBS newsmen? Mr. Walter Cronkite divulges that the luminaries in the CBS news staff fear two things, 1) a reckless discontinuation of pension and medical plans in the event of their precipitate resignation as "members"; and 2) the effects on lesser employees of resignation en masse. I.e., although AFTRA is hardly in a position to do anything of material consequence to such as Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid, what would happen, if their resignations broke AFTRA's back, to men and women whose income depends substantially on the bargaining power of the union?

THESE ARE legitimate personal considerations, the first self-concerned, the second fraternal. But these are not the reasons being publicly ventilated. The facts are as stated: there is no legal obligation for Cronkite et al. to walk out. There is a very real professional and public obligation to stay on, all the more so since they publicly disdain the cause of the strike by the technicians. Mr. Sevareid concluded his statement by saying "This is profoundly embarrassing to broadcasters like this one, who have worried aloud about governmental threats to the free flow of information. At the moment tyranny from below smells as bad as tyranny from above."

Surely the clearest way to dissipate suspicion about the tyranny threatened from above would be for the Attorney General's office to side with plaintiffs (myself among them) who question the constitutionality of AFTRA's arrogation of the National Labor Relations Act as permitting a union shop for people engaged in reporting or analyzing the news. Settle that point once and for all, and we will know, when we hear the lucubrations of Mr. Sevareid, that when he walks out it's because he chooses to walk out: that it has nothing to do with any contractual obligation to walk out. □



FIRE THE CHAIRPERSON

New York, Nov. 14 — Moderate Democrats are taking satisfaction from the proposed liquidation of Mrs. Jean Westwood, whose four-year plan ended in Democratic disaster. Eight years ago the Republicans went through the same kind of thing, with regulars calling for the ouster of Dean Burch, who was closely identified with candidate Barry Goldwater and therefore with the great Goldwater defeat. Mrs. Westwood says she intends to stay on, that they will have to oust her if they want to get rid of her, and that probably they don't have the votes to do it with. Dean Burch did not fight publicly, but Goldwater loyalists were certain they could hang on to him if Barry Goldwater stood by. He chose not to, for complicated reasons.

It isn't known whether George McGovern will enter now into that listless period characteristic of defeated candidates. Adlai Stevenson went into relative hiding, issuing only one or two belletristic missives to his supporters. Richard Nixon, in 1960, became almost a recluse for a period of months. Hubert Humphrey went an entire fortnight, or so the hyperbole goes, without giving a speech. George McGovern's behavior is not absolutely predictable, and we cannot know whether he will fight to retain Mrs. Westwood, as the only living survivor of the climacteric of last July in Miami.

Those of us who are in no particular hurry to see the Democratic Party repair itself should be prepared to take in happy stride Mrs. Westwood's victory, if in fact she prevails. Her dismissal, after all, would be nothing more than a ritual execution, another agricultural commissar sent to Siberia, unrelated to the prospective emancipation of the kulaks. The only thing the Democratic Party could do to appease American anxiety is to repudiate not Mrs. Westwood, nor even George McGovern, but McGovernism. It is not at all clear that the party will do this, however. Although the kindergarten forms of socialism were mostly repudiated by the Social Democratic parties of Western Europe after their postwar binges with nationalization, on the whole, and notwithstanding the formal rejection of Karl Marx in the late Fifties by West German socialists, they have continued on their way toward state socialism.

The Democratic Party has strategic difficulties which are largely the making of the Republican Party. It has, really, no other vision than the socialist's vision. The Republican Party, particularly under Richard Nixon, has accepted the notion of federal responsibility for human welfare. It has done so fitfully, in the American way: preferring the empirical to the abstract approach, as exemplified by the difference between, say, Elliot Richardson's various public health proposals, and Edward Kennedy's. But you name it, the Republican Party is pretty much there: charging government with looking after health, education, old age, child care, recreation. In foreign policy there is no direct ideological line that issues out of existing public differences between Republicans and Democrats. The Come Home America theme of George McGovern got pretty well lost during the campaign, after candidate McGovern was done paying his obeisance to Israel, and to aerospace employees in Texas and California.

WHAT THE Democratic Party needs at the moment, if it is to provide sassy opposition for the Republicans, is not less McGovernism, but a great deal more of it. More precisely put, it needs McGovernism without McGovern. Drastic redistribution schemes without silly arithmetic. Antibusiness legislation without opportunistic petulance. In short, a sharp turn toward orthodox, or neo-orthodox, socialism.

The alternative is too dizzying to contemplate. It would involve a genuine rediscovery of the ideal of community, of the primacy of the individual, of the spontaneity of the private sector. A genuine revulsion against overweaning government. For a government stalled by the Republican co-option of New Deal gradualism, and public hostility toward socialism, one might hope that a new Democratic radical would emerge calling attention to something much more exciting than the replacement of Mrs. Westwood. Perhaps someone will move that Vivien Kellems replace her? A dream, no doubt. But the Democratic Party has just finished proving that it has no objections to subsidizing dreams in national campaigns. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A small grayish European warbler — 38 60 95 135 139 222 144 81 84 155

B. The measurement of bones — 49 8 16 137 212 142 47 132 218 35

C. A sleep walker — 90 3 190 214 226 11 36 77 23 45 / 55 106

D. This has 63 zeroes in America, 120 in Great Britain — 70 62 88 107 114 123 177 34 80 110 / 215 118

E. The doctrine that the basis of moral obligations is to be found in the tendency of right actions to *produce happiness* — 83 130 203 187 211 96 224 182 206 87

F. Another name for dialogite — 104 18 99 30 39 76 124 138 152 161 / 164 172 180

G. A fine, soft, thick woolen cloth — 113 127 105 202 221 51 115 162 148

H. A leading and prolific authoress of detective fiction — 125 43 74 94 122 156 166 173 181 1 / 26 191 112 210

I. A type of plantation — 2 6 15 27 57 85 24 37 67

J. To obstruct — 147 78 46 184 186 103

K. Away from the coast — 150 136 188 229 209 86 167 9

L. What Edward's Learicks were — 165 52 102 192 10 200 207 163

M. What prize-winning books often are — 175 129 196 17 116 168 225

N. Unscramble O HOW SUEDE to get a great writer — 199 216 56 171 158 195 134 12 19

O. One who is confined, as in a hospital or prison — 25 42 54 66 82 89

P. Where certain fish can be caught — 208 50 21 31 5 133 143 154 159 201 / 40

Q. A stew of marinated rabbit meat — 14 29 65 176 178 204 151 220 4 48 / 61 92

R. Articulated in the back of the mouth and given resonance in the nasal cavity — 121 79 126 111 120 140 174 7 32 73 / 93 64

S. Unpaid — 141 153 13 146 183 205 213 219 71 97 / 100

T. This fruit is used in making wine and jelly — 145 72 185 101 28 193 223 44 160 58

U. What Hawthorne's stories were — 157 20 41 75 91 98 108 33 68 59 / 169 63 69 131

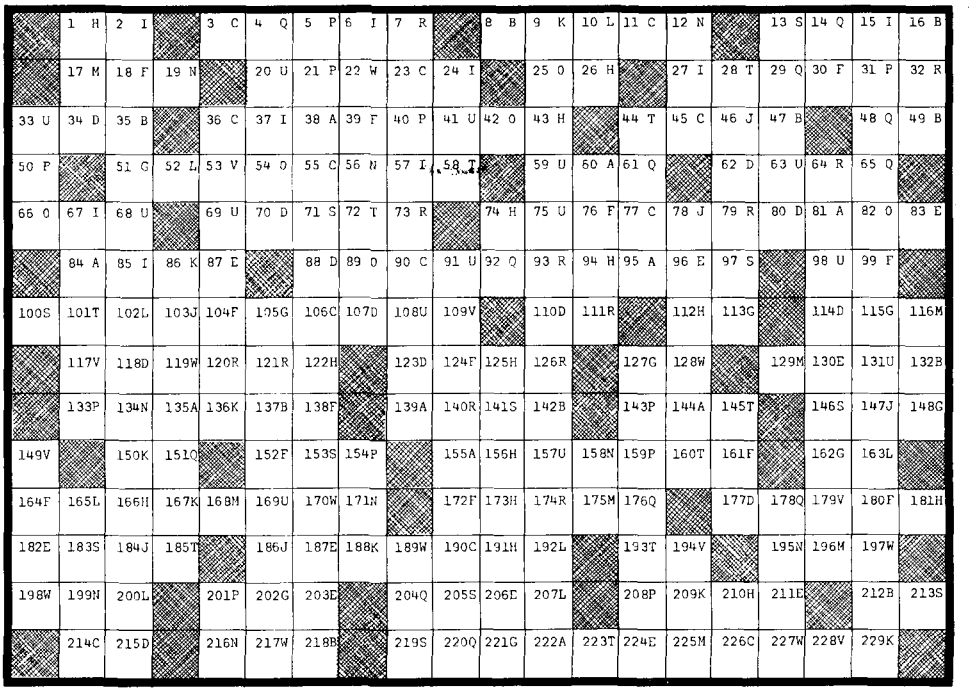
V. This ought to be practiced whether it is the best policy or not — 179 53 109 117 149 228 194

W. Mistaken — 189 197 22 198 227 128 119 217 170

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from *left to right*, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1368 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



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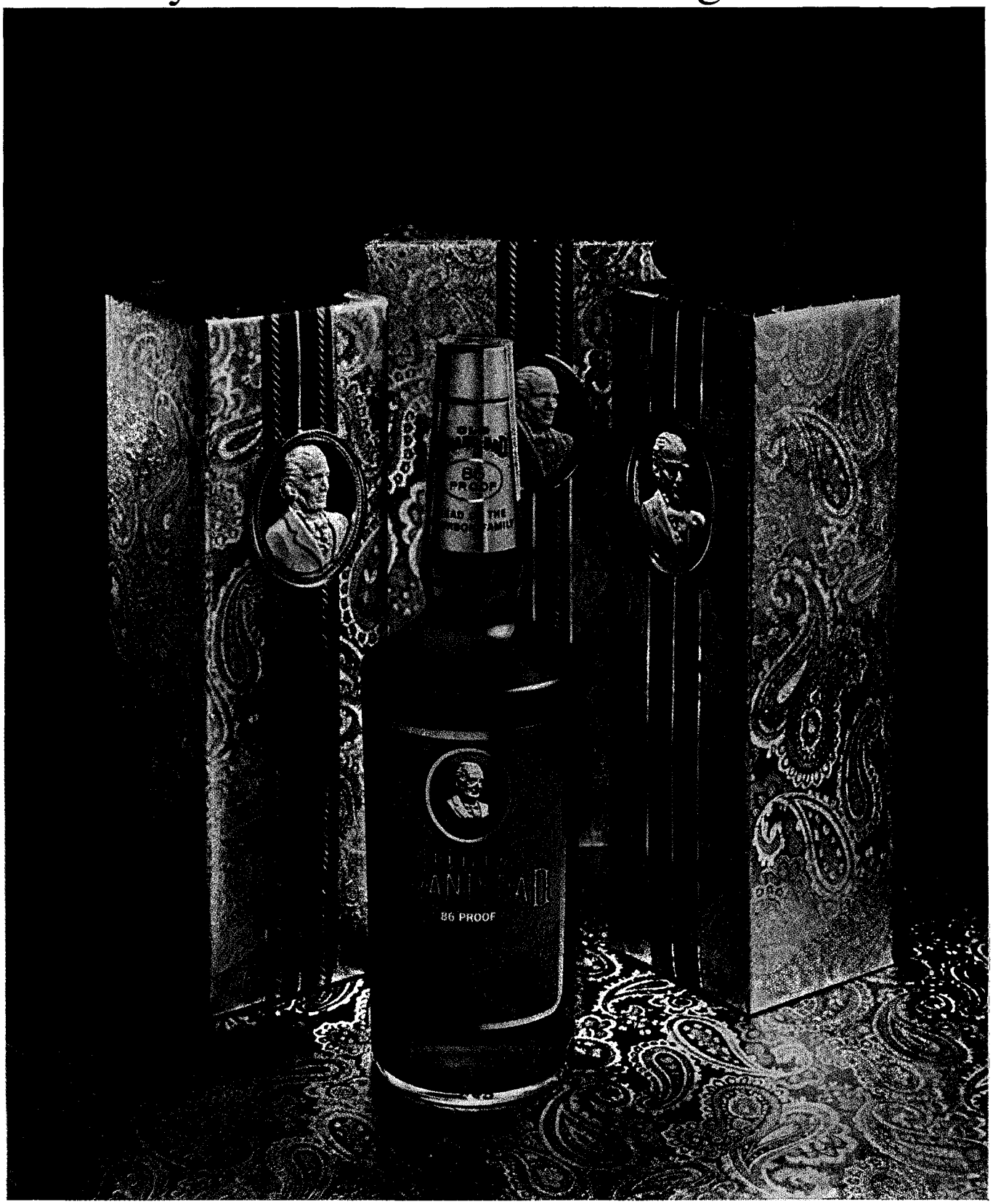

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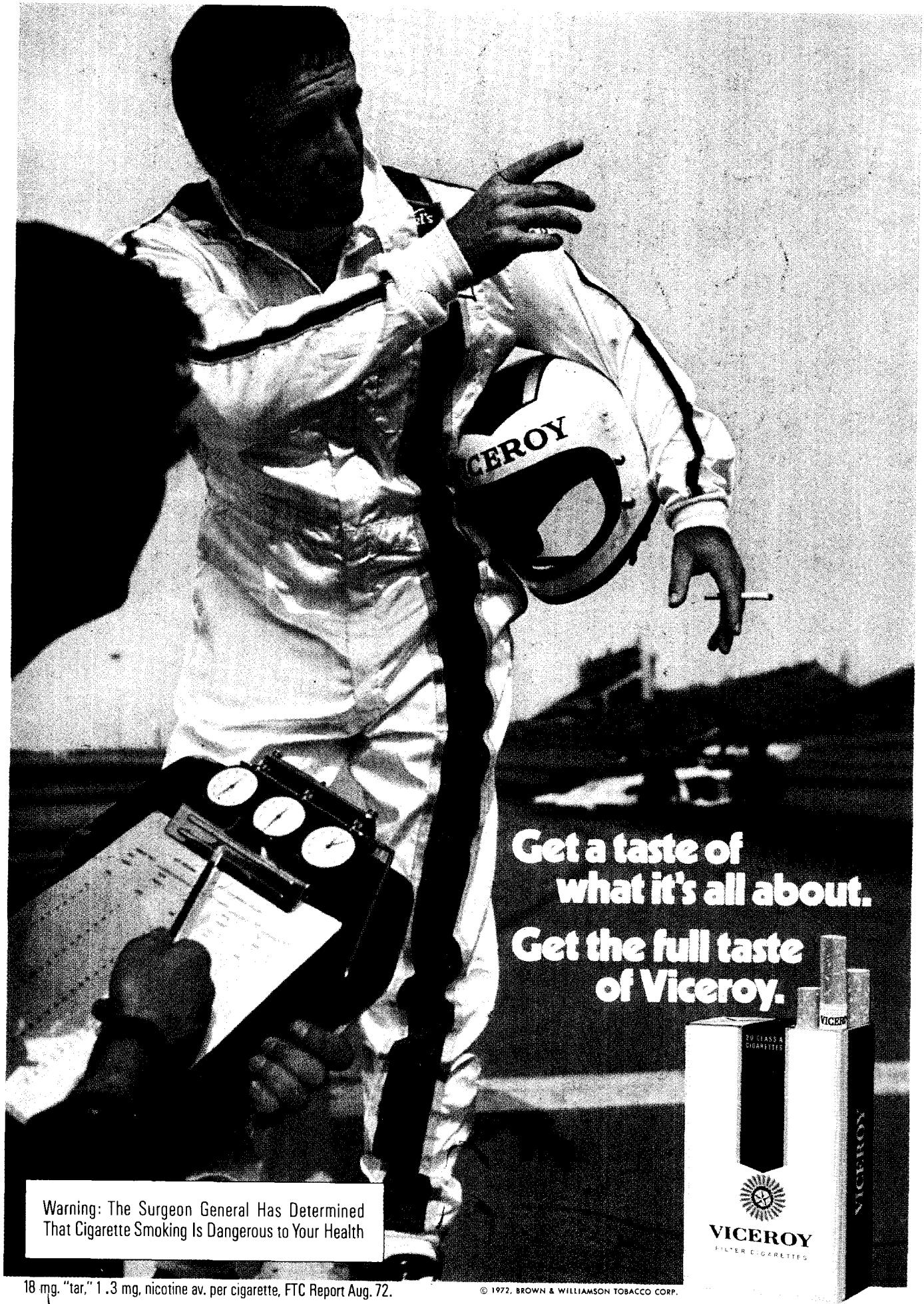
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